

Mexican Life

Mexico's Monthly Review

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DECEMBER, 1953

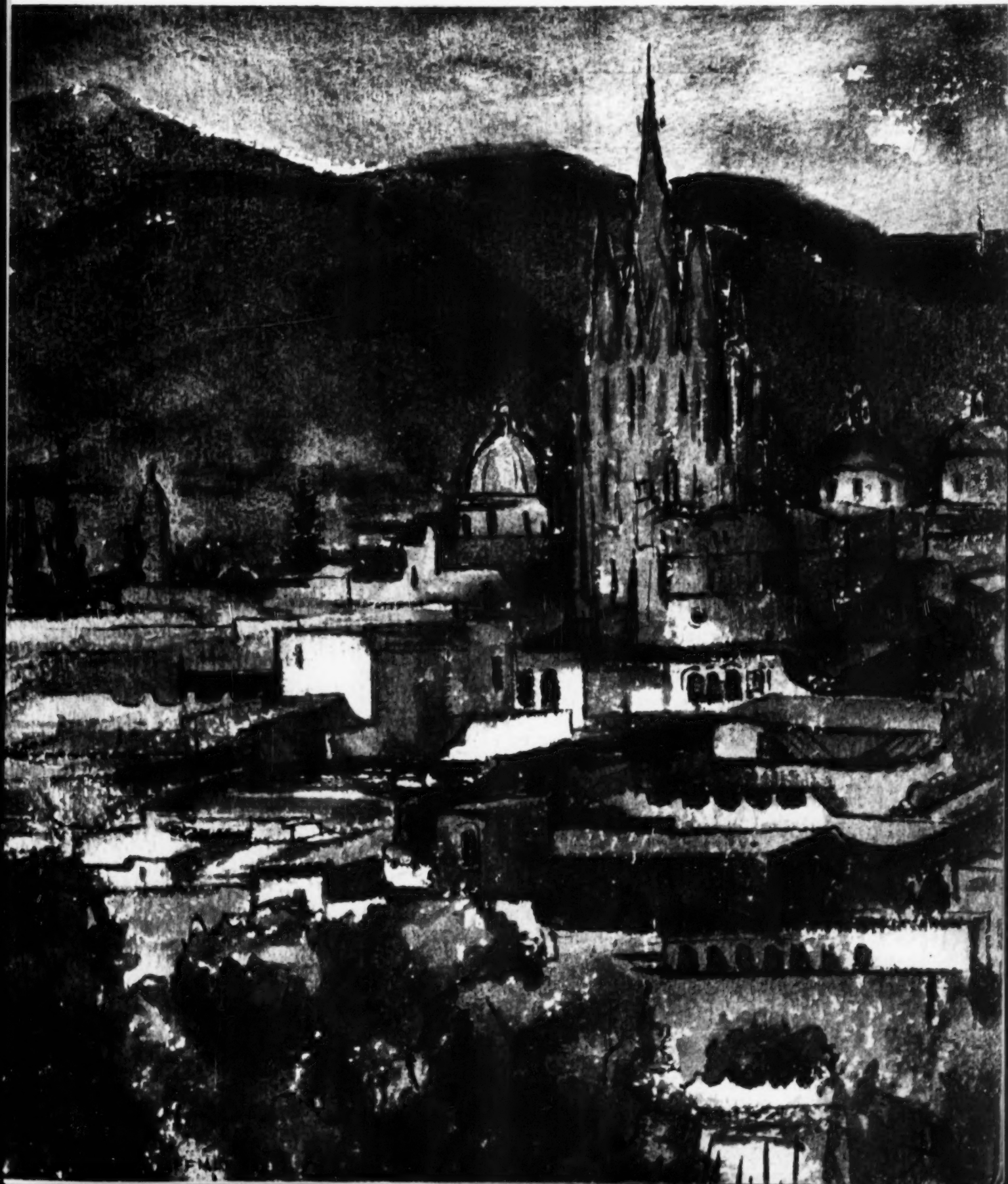
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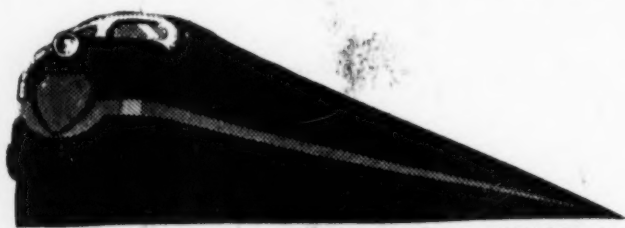
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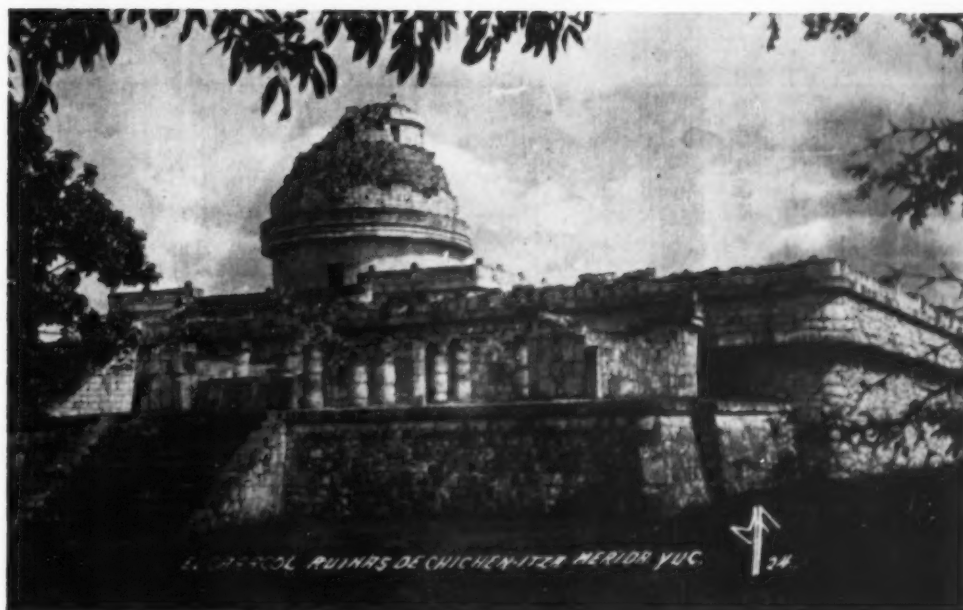
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HOWARD S. PHILLIPS

EDITOR

March to the Sea

MEXICO'S economic development has been largely determined by its climatic and topographical conditions. Following the Conquest and the earliest phases of colonization, such development was more intense in areas that provided the most suitable conditions for agriculture—the fertile valleys or the central highlands—than in the arid, inaccessible or insalubrious regions. For Mexico is largely a land of forbidding mountain ranges, of deserts or tropical jungles.

This has resulted in a highly uneven distribution of its population, exemplified in the present figures of nearly three thousand inhabitants per square mile in the Federal District and less than three in the state of Sonora. Nearly half of the country's inhabitants are crowded into the Central Mesa, which comprises less than one-seventh of the total land area. On the other hand, there are vast areas in the remaining six-sevenths of the country's territory which are almost uninhabited.

The concentration of population at the higher altitudes is due not only to agricultural advantages, but mainly to the fact that the central highlands have a more comfortable and salubrious climate than the lower tropical areas. Endemic malaria, amoebic dysentery and other ailments have arrested the population growth in these areas and have maintained their productiveness at a minimum.

This demographic disparity has in itself impeded Mexico's total economic expansion. Its underpopulated rural areas cannot produce a sufficient agricultural surplus to adequately provide for the needs of the overpopulated urban centers. Hence, the problem of agricultural insufficiency, of the country's incapacity to produce the food it must have for its sustenance, has become more acute from year to year.

And yet great extensions of land that under proper exploitation could effectively help to solve this basic national problem have remained virtually abandoned and unproductive. And since there was no profit in building highways or railroads to territories whose production as well as consumption was nominal—territories of a reduced and static life that produced no material benefit for the rest of the Republic—they were almost entirely shorn of means of communication.

The accelerated growth during the past two decades in Mexico's population, largely confined to urban centers, has made it necessary for the country to greatly expand its agricultural and industrial production—an aim that has been consistently pursued by its governments. Numerous large and small irrigation systems have been built by the succeeding administrations. Modern methods and mechanized equipment have

substituted in many places the wooden plow. The area of tillable soil and its yield per acre have been increased to a very important extent. And still the increase of production has not been commensurate with the increase in consumption, it has not kept pace with the constantly enlarging needs of a growing population.

Realizing that Mexico is now compelled to utilize its latently productive territory, so as to further expand its agricultural output, to provide a market for its growing industries, and to re-settle its unevenly distributed population by creating appropriate living conditions and sources of livelihood in sparsely populated regions—to, in fact, enlarge its national economy by integrating and duly exploiting its entire territory—President Ruiz Cortines has formulated a major plan, known as the "March to the Sea," which is one of the salient points in the constructive program his government is to carry out during the next five years. Mexico, in other words, is now turning its attention to the rich, undeveloped tropical regions extending along its two coasts.

The plan is vast and comprehensive in scope and its realization will require the coordinated efforts of nearly all the federal ministries and the cooperation of state governments. The program has been initiated with the project to rehabilitate nearly all the seaports along the Gulf and the Pacific coasts, so that they may be properly utilized for maritime traffic. A network of highways is being constructed to communicate the center of the Republic with these seaports and to provide an outlet for the products of the tropical regions. A sustained and systematic campaign will be carried out by sanitary brigades through the insalubrious regions to stamp out endemic disease and thus to render them suitable for colonization. Dikes and levees will be built along the rivers to prevent floods and to drain swamp lowlands.

A large-scale development of the fishing industry, hitherto almost neglected, is one of the salient points in the government program. Mexican waters abound with a great variety of fish that under proper exploitation can enrich the austere diet of the country's population and help to relieve its shortage of food.

The establishment of land and sea communication, and the sanitation of the coast lands, will, moreover, create new and attractive centers of recreation which will undoubtedly tend to increase the influx of tourists from abroad.

All these are the goals pursued by the program initiated by President Ruiz Cortines—of the march to the sea that will make Mexico bigger and stronger through the conquest of its own vast reserves of undeveloped territory.

Leandro's Gold Mine

By Kim Schee

LEANDRO had spent two years working as a clerk in Don Porfirio's tienda, selling everything from cheap pottery to valuable serapes imported from Jalisco. He had done very well for himself, and everyone in the village looked upon him as one of those rare young men who would soon have a store of his own and become one of the village's outstanding citizens. From all outward appearances Leandro indeed was a model young man. He was a hard worker, he had learned to read and write through his own efforts, he rarely drank and never frequented brothels, his clothes were clean and neat, and it was a well-known fact that he visited the public baths three times a week. But, in spite of his many virtues and his promising future, Leandro was not in the least a contented young man. In fact he was quite miserable. The trouble was that Leandro wanted a life of adventure. He really hated selling things to people, especially to gringo tourists who always looked at him as if he had escaped from a zoo and talked to him as if he had been deaf for years. He hated the very store he worked in because it smelled of badly cured leather and was stuffed with so many cheap and stupid gadgets. And he hated Don Porfirio most of all because he knew that Don Porfirio would cheat his own mother if he could, and apart from that he was a nasty old man who thought of nothing more elevating than a full stomach and playing around with the young wenches in Iguala.

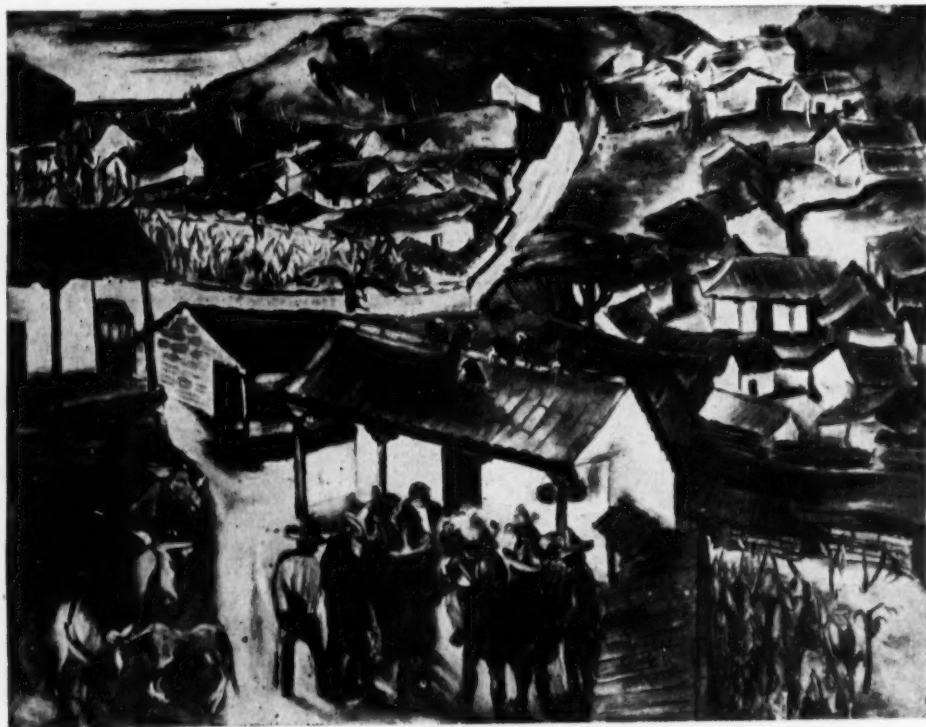
For two years, however, Leandro had borne his cross in silence. He had done so for a purpose. What he needed was five hundred pesos. With that sum he could make a fortune, and then he could lead the life of adventure of which he had always dreamed.

The moment Leandro had saved up five hundred pesos he quit his job. Don Porfirio naturally was in

a fury. He had always looked upon Leandro as a sort of a permanent fixture, and when Leandro offered him no reason for giving up his job, Don Porfirio was more furious than ever. He threatened, cursed, and wept, but Leandro was inexorable. He had a plan which he had kept secret for two years and was about to carry out. That plan was his reason for quitting his job. But he was afraid to tell Don Porfirio about it. The man had no imagination, no spirit of adventure. "Hom-bre, no seas loco." That's all he would say. No; better to keep his plan a secret.

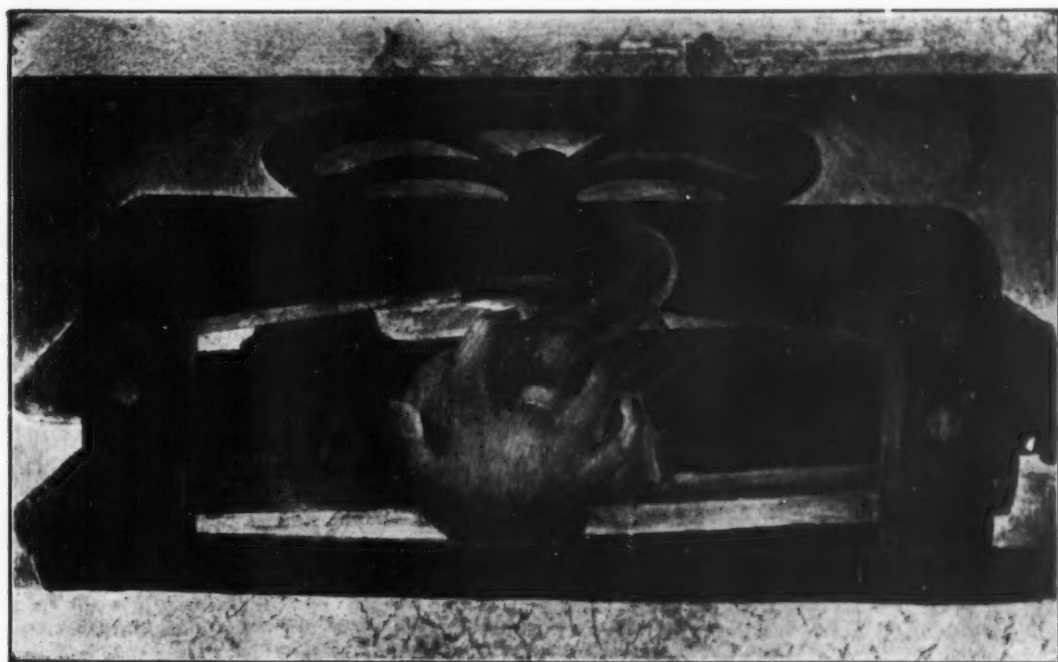
The day after Leandro quit his job he went to see Don Ignacio in Iguala. For years this man had been a hero in the eyes of Leandro. He had listened to him while shinning his charro boots in the plaza. At that time Leandro was only a small boy earning his tortillas as a bootblack, but he had never forgotten Don Ignacio's stories about gold prospecting. One story in particular he remembered. That one had to do with a gold mine in the vicinity of the Costa Chica which the Spaniards had discovered and worked hundreds of years before. Don Ignacio had seen the mine with his own eyes. He had also seen the Indians emerging from the mine with huge sacks of gold on their backs. The mine, he estimated, contained millions and millions of pesos in gold, and yet (and this had a lasting effect on Leandro) no outsider for the last thirty years had taken one ounce of gold from the mine. There had undoubtedly been many attempts. Don Ignacio knew of three men from Mexico City who tried, but they were never heard of again. The Indians who lived in the village adjoining the mine were wild and primitive, and they guarded their treasure with their lives. Even armed Federales had learned long ago to leave these people strictly alone. Don Ignacio had al-

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Oil.

By Doris Rosenthal.



Mural Detail

By Fermin Revueltas.

Mexico's Industrial Scene

By Tomme Clark Call

THE prewar tourist lately returned to Mexico cannot but notice, by casual observation, the surface manifestations of a remarkable industrialization effort. The outskirts of Monterrey, Guadalajara, Puebla, and the great metropolis of Mexico City bloom with new factories, with freight cars filling on spur tracks, and the ubiquitous Mexican truck buzzing through town and country. The traveler marvels at neat worker-housing projects, though still only a dent in the jacale slums. In every major urban area, suburban developments and luxury subdivisions spread to accommodate the growing middle class of clerks and technicians and the newly rich managers and proprietors of factories and commercial houses. Modern store facades hide old Mexico from broad paved avenues choked with new cars, often detoured by water, sewage, and gas lines going down. This is but the cream that the casual traveler notes, but it is rich cream.

The daily newspapers monotonously give front-page play to new industrial openings, announcements of blueprinted construction projects, and reports of presidential dedications of roads, dams, electricity generators, schools, and hospitals. Big spreads also go to United States corporation executives down to inspect their expanding interests and to read the crystal ball of industrial prosperity for delighted Mexicans.

Drive over to the General Motors Colonia Granada plant, for example, ten minutes from the heart of Mexico City. It began fifteen years ago as small truck-assembly works. It is now a 32-acre industrial city, producing 85 vehicles daily—cars, trucks, busses—as well as batteries, refrigerators, cabinets, springs, bodies. It has its own wood mill and foundries. Use of native raw materials is stressed, and the plant takes pride in a technical education program and an elaborate health and recreation system. Export trade looms

with a shipment of busses to Havana. Big and neat, the busy center booms with the spirit of industrial Mexico. As American Ambassador William O'Dwyer watched 1951 models roll off the assembly line, he was moved to comment: "If Cortes could only see this!" No doubt Diaz, too would have been impressed.

Indicative similarly were other random events of the year 1951. U.S. Rubber Mexicana promised 800,000 units of production, a 30 per cent increase. Worthington Pump joined forces with Mexican interests for a 10-million-peso output, which President Aleman hailed as a boon to irrigation. Mexican Venus Pencil planned a 206-item line of pencils and fountain pens, with a shift to native materials and a bid for export trade. Monsanto Chemical opened its first Latin American plant, industrial plastics. Ford executives and high government officials celebrated Tractors Universales' tenth birthday, and a five-year sales record of 5,500 Ford tractors and 30,000 Dearborn implements. U.S. Celanese announced a new 3½-million-dollar plant near Anderson Clayton's Reynosa cotton compress and gin. Vendo of Kansas took 55 per cent control of Industrias Montiel to expand production of automatic beverage venders, again promising use of native material and surplus for export. On the commercial side, Sears, Roebuck and Company announced the addition of San Luis Potosi, Merida, and Tampico stores to those in Monterrey, Guadalajara, and Mexico City, noting a 5-million-dollar investment. Eighty-five per cent of goods sold in these stores is Mexican-made, and Sears plans to expand related local manufacturing. And so it goes through a list of subsidiaries and joint-control firms whose parents' names read like a United States industrial directory.

* * *

Consider the model industrialization of Monterrey which other urban areas in Mexico are beginning

to envy and emulate. In 1937, Monterrey had 438 industries with 153½ million pesos in invested capital. By 1946, the number had reached 650 industries with 409 millions invested. By 1951 there were more than 800 industries with 1½ billions pesos in investments. Those industries include Mexico's largest brewery, iron and steel, glass, foods, furniture, cement, textiles, meat packing, fertilizer, leather goods, clothing, petroleum, household items, and so on through several hundred classifications. And they range from tiny old tucked-away home shops to big glass-steel-stone plants of functional beauty and high productivity.

Some 55,000 of Monterrey's 350,000 postwar population, as locally estimated, earn in factories more than a half a million pesos daily—well above the national medium wage—enhanced by health and recreational facilities and social insurance. Monterrey yearly takes in 1½ million tons in goods and materials, and ships out three-quarters of a million tons. Automobile ownership doubled in a decade, and water, sewer, gas, and light connections have multiplied. Monterrey is the Mexican dream, unfolding, despite its stubborn residue of slums, beggars, unschooled children, inadequate water, and other familiar deficiencies. And Monterrey itself anticipates a 450,000 population and 2-billion-peso industrial investment by 1960.

The Federal District, however, is preponderantly the nation's industrial center, with about a third of total industrial investment and value of manufactures. It contains nearly a third of industrial establishments—15,027 out of 50,998 by the 1944 count—three-fourths of which are food-processing and textile plants. Other notable industrial centers are Aguascalientes, Leon, Guadalajara, Puebla, San Luis Potosi, and Saltillo.

* * *

The over-all picture of Mexican manufacturing development must be gleaned from a variety of sources, which though often of questionable accuracy and subject to various qualifications, are adequately indicative for general purposes. According to the Secretary of National Economy, the index of the volume of manufacturing production increased from 100 in 1939 to 136 in 1947, a year of postwar recession.

The 1939—46 average gain was 5 per cent yearly, virtually the same as it was in the 1920s and 1930s. Of course, the absolute physical gain was considerably larger than previously; and, as Mosk points out, that failure to accelerate the gain in manufacturing volume did not reflect the favorable qualitative changes of that period, the important filling of industrial gaps, nor the fact that Mexico was busier producing factories than manufactured goods.

The United Nations Economic Commission for Latin America in 1951 report that the volume of industrial production from 1948 to 1950 increased at the remarkable rate of 11 per cent a year, but that was partly recovery as well as expansion. That study further estimates that in 1949 industrial production had reached 'rather more than twice the 1939 level although the available indices show an increase of a little over 70 per cent.' During the same period, the report calculates, 'the productive capacity of manufacturing installations was approximately quadrupled.' Obviously, Mexican war-stimulated industrialization, despite a short temporary postwar recession, was again going forward at an unprecedented rate.

In 1940, Mexican manufacturing employed 640,000, about two-thirds actually in factory establishments, in a gainfully employed population of about 5.86 million persons, 3.83 millions of whom were in agriculture. During the war period, the total of gainfully employed increased, roughly, on an average of 1 per cent annually. The average annual gain in manufacturing employment was 3 per cent, against 0.1 per

cent in agriculture. Unmistakably, the industrial employment had begun to draw on the agricultural labor force, to wrest a larger share of total employment.

In fact, the 1951 U.N.E.C.L.A. report estimates that 'it is likely that the population census for 1950 will show an increase in the number of persons engaged in industry of more than 50 per cent over the previous although the available indices show an increase of only 25 per cent over 1939.' That would mean that around a million Mexicans are now employed in domestic industry.

Manufacturing accounted for 1.6 billion of Mexico's 1940 national income 6.8 billion pesos; that was 24 per cent, the largest single contribution. In 1945 the contribution had increased to 3 billions out of about 12 billions, or 25 per cent. Though its absolute value nearly doubled, manufacturing had cut only a negligibly larger slice of total national income by the war's end.

After postwar readjustments, however, including peso devaluation, Mexican national income climbed from 22.8 billion pesos in 1948, to 25.6 billions in 1949, to an estimated 30 billions in 1950, with real per-capita income 23 per cent higher than in 1939. According to the Inter-American Economic and Social Council's 1950 survey, Mexico's 1940 per-capita income in dollar terms had stood at 56, far below the United States' comparable 616, Canada's 527, and even the Latin American average of 109. Consequently, the indicated increase was from a very low base. The U.N. Economic Commission for Latin America in 1951 reached this conclusion on Mexico:

"As regards the distribution of income, by activities, it is likely that industry's share has substantially increased as the average rate of increase of industrial production is almost twice the increase in real income; further, the rise in industrial prices has been relatively greater than the general index."

By 1948, total gross investment was roughly 3.3 billion pesos, or 14 per cent of national income, with public investments running about 30 per cent of the total. Public investments in 1949 were 675 per cent of the 1939 period, and real industrial investment was twice the 1939 level. The U.N.E.C.L.A. 1951 analysis of governmental data indicates that about 20 per cent of industrial investment in 1949 went into construction of factories to turn out goods not previously produced in Mexico, 24 per cent for construction of new plants for the manufacture of goods already being made in the country, and 56 per cent for the expansion of existing factories. Public works and transport, fundamental to industrial development, still require perhaps more than half the annual national investments.

In general, technical progress is improving the quality of Mexican manufactured products. The introduction of new lines is materially diversifying the industrial structure, allowing better integration of production. Furthermore, a fairly good balance has developed for industrial growth, between capital-goods and consumer-goods industries. That is a notable achievement, as financing and incentives are sharply different in the two complementary fields. Nacional Financiera, with public financing and foreign credits, has pushed the capital-goods industry, while private investment has gone mostly into consumer-goods industry.

The U.N.E.C.L.A. 1951 report adds that the years 1948—50 were marked 'by consolidation of war-time industrial development,' with the 1942—45 speculative characteristic mitigated. Its conclusion is worth repeating:

"Industrialists are steadily improving their knowledge of the markets, and they realize the need for research regarding their present size and future possibilities. Productive capacity is being increasingly uti-

lized in industries established in previous years, and the investments now being made are being planned more carefully. As a result, the financial position of Mexican industry is today fully sound."

Mexico is passing from emphasis on extractive industries to manufacturing, and it is adding heavy to light industry in order to produce more of the means of production as well as consumers' goods. Both developments are signs of a maturing economy.

* * *

General notes may be profitably taken on individual industries to help complete the manufacturing picture. On the darker side, for example, the tariff-protected, monopoly-burdened textile industry achieved wartime output increases only by speeding the obsolescence of existing facilities and equipment some 40 years outdated; costs doubled, and prices tripled. The postwar textile industry, having lost its abnormal export market, is sick; and the cure will prove costly to investors and consumers alike. One ray of hope is development of domestic production of looms.

On the brighter side, for another example, the cement industry, despite an unprecedented postwar boom in public and private construction, is filling domestic demand, and in 1950 entered the export market. With contemplated and relatively small expansion, the iron and steel industry should be able to satisfy domestic demand in the years ahead, except for specialized items for which it would be uneconomical to attempt Mexican production.

In 1941, according to an industry source, Mexico consumed 380,000 tons of finished iron and steel products a year, 130,000 tons from domestic output and 250,000 tons imported. Wartime development of Altos Hornos de Mexico at Monclava, Coahuila—in time to export thousands of tons of ship plate to Louisiana and Texas for Liberty ships—had increased domestic output by some more than 100,000 tons by 1949. Financed by Mexican public—and private—, and United States private—, capital, it was operating at an annual rate of nearly 150,000 tons in 1951. With expansion then aided by a 5-million-dollar Export-Import Bank loan, production of iron bars is now expected to increase to 230,000 tons. Altos Hornos now supplies fabricators, and itself fabricates many items. Particularly it is speeding gas-pipeline construction. Despite domestic needs, it also has exported orders to Texas and Venezuela. Additions to the large Monterrey plant are helping toward the goal of self-sufficiency in this basic industry.

Altos Hornos draws on Mexico's main coal deposit in the Sabinas field of Coahuila for coking coal. Before 1910, the total coal output went to the railroads. The northern coal industry now supplies not only Altos Hornos but also the expanded Compania Fundidora de Hierro y Acero de Monterrey, metallurgical units of American Smelting and Refining Company, and other coke consumers. Substantial mechanization and safety progress has been achieved in coal mining, but Mexican deposits generally are difficult and dangerous to work, not of the highest grade, and not favorably located for utilization by the industrial structure, particularly the main complex on the central plateau. Further expansion of the coal industry, as now contemplated, is feasible with known resources, and future, exploration may be expected to augment those resources. However, coal is losing ground to electricity and oil, and gas; the 1951 U.N.E.C.L.A. report shows that coal's contribution to mechanical energy utilized in Mexico dropped from 18 per cent in 1930 to 8 per cent in 1950.

Postwar mining output dropped sharply from wartime levels; it was generally well-below capacity, and in some cases below peak periods of the mid-1920s. Domestic industrialization and renewed for-

eign demand for strategic materials, however, later improved the mines' position. For example, U.N.E.C.L.A. figured the volume-of-production indices for the lowest postwar year, 1946—with the year of highest previous production as the base of 100—to be lead, 49; zinc, 64; copper, 76. Similar indices for the period from September 1949 to August 1950 were lead, 87; zinc, 104; copper, 75. No doubt world emergency demand subsequently improved that showing.

* * *

The industry, nevertheless, has lost its once dominant role in the Mexican economy. By 1940, for example, it employed only 107,000, or 1.8 per cent of the gainfully employed population. The 1950 survey of the Inter-American Social and Economic Council went so far as to say of the mining industry in Mexico and several similarly situated Latin American countries: "Though generally considered an important activity... in none of these countries, however, has the industry much weight either from the point of view of the actual employment it provides or its contribution to the respective national incomes." According to that study, the mining industry in Mexico in 1946 contributed only 7.3 per cent of the national income.

Mineral shipment in 1945 made up 22.9 per cent of Mexico's total exports, and still account for a sizable share of foreign exchange; but oil development is largely responsible for that showing. The mining industry, however, both coal and metals, may in time resume a leading role in Mexican economic development.

Mexico, by intensified workings in emergencies and improved recovery methods and extended exploration and development, can still expand its mining production. World rearmament's pressure on prices was an incentive to such expansion in 1951. During that year, the Commission of Mining Development and the National Institute for Investigation of Mineral Resources were working to that purpose. The institute reportedly found an estimated reserve of 103 million tons of iron ore at Las Truchas—former Bethlehem Steel Company deposits which Mexico, in January 1952, said would be developed without foreign aid—another 22.8 million tons in other zones along the Pacific coast. It was also officially reported that the Bank of Mexico's exploratory works are expected to reveal a minimum deposit of 50 million tons in the Oaxaca coal basin, with the prospect of duplicating that amount.

Furthermore, the Mexican industrialization program—particularly such key phases as expansion of the steel industry—undoubtedly will put renewed pressure on the nation's mineral resources. Mexico's mines, though less important than formerly as export producers and not major contributors from a direct-employment and national-income point of view, will become an increasingly valuable asset as a source of raw materials for expanding domestic industry. For example, Cobre de Mexico, an enterprise consolidated by Nacional Financiera, late in 1951 was turning out a quantity of electrolytic copper estimated as sufficient to fill domestic needs and leave an export surplus.

* * *

Among new industrial complexes, chemical production is brightening the Mexican economic scene as it has that on Texas' Gulf Coast, though as yet on a much smaller scale. World War II expanded that Mexican industry by 20 per cent in number of establishments, which generally were 50 per cent larger after 1940; by 200 per cent in employment, and by 450 per cent in value of output. The Mexican chemical industry is still stumbling over technical difficulties and heavily dependent on government paternalism.

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The Cult of the Female Among the Tarascans

By Carl Benton Compton

EVER since man first discovered the arts of painting and sculpture, he has represented his fellow man—or, more often, his fellow woman—in pictures, carvings or modeled figures. These objects are often far from modern ideals of what constitutes the "form divine"; on the other hand, in cultures like the Formative of Mexico (c. 1000 B. C.—300 A.D.), a whole class of figurines is so dainty and appealing as to have won the name of "pretty ladies." In Europe, early man seems to have preferred a figure whose proportions would cause almost any woman today to hasten to the nearest reducing salon, while early American man apparently liked his ladies more svelte. Paintings and sculpture from either continent however, never leave one in doubt as to what sex is portrayed. By contrast, the representations of masculine personages are so sketchy as to have led one writer to observe that the male figure is the stepchild of prehistoric art.

As we consider this matter of the disproportion between male and female subjects in early art, we are struck by the curious circumstance that, while in all the major cultures of the past few thousand years the supreme god was usually conceived of as male, the painted and sculptured depictions of deities were often preponderantly female. Thus the cult of Isis flourished in Egypt, that of Ishtar in Mesopotamia, of the Snake Goddess in Crete, of Aphrodite in Greece and Venus in Rome; and during the middle ages the widespread cult of the Virgin, like these earlier forerunners, inspired the production of innumerable works of art. Perhaps this anomaly is to be attributed to the fact that male deities were considered too sacred to be frequently portrayed as objects; or there may be some other reason, still unknown, for the comparative scarcity with which they were represented. We may suppose, however, that the female representations had a manifold purpose of veneration, appeasement and, perhaps more important, supplication for fecundity in both plant and animal life. In addition, the female



"Madonna" gingerbread figurine. Nayarit

deities were probably considered more decorative than the male.

The ancient peoples who inhabited the west central region of what is now Mexico were no exception in this "cult of the female." We call these people Tarascans—a generic term for the complex of various ethnic groups who composed the "Tarascan" empire at the time of the Conquest. Of the thousands of figurines that have been found within the general region of that empire—which at its widest extent was bounded by Toluca, Guerrero, Colima and San Luis Potosí—probably at least eighty percent are female. They vary greatly in type. Some are identical with the Archaic or Formative culture of the Valley of Mexico, which is conceded to be very old; some may possibly relate to the other earlier and later cultures of Nuclear America. The highly individualistic pieces from Colima and Nayarit must undoubtedly be assigned to a relatively late period. All are pre-Columbian, of course, since at the time of the Conquest the Spanish clergy immediately put a stop to the production of these "idols." The figures also vary in technique, ranging from those which are rather crude and careless in execution to other examples of highly finished and expertly modeled ceramic sculpture. In general they are well crafted, even tiny examples often showing a subtlety of modeling unsurpassed anywhere.

Perhaps the most interesting items associated with the Tarascan cult of the female are the mammiform bowls. These unique vessels are of the usual tripod type but have supports fashioned quite realistically



Reconstructed Mammiform bowl, bottom view. Chupicuadro.

in the form of the female breast. Although similar pottery is found in the Proto-Classic cultures of the Valley of Mexico and of southeastern Mexico (c. 300—400 A.D.), and there are some mammiform jugs and bowls in Nicaragua and Costa Rica, the very distinctive, realistic breast-forms of the Tarascan examples are unrivaled elsewhere. Usually the bowl proper is wide and shallow, while the supports are rather large in relation to the vessel. These breast-forms are frequently painted with designs, probably in imitation of the tattooing of the actual female breast practiced by the Tarascans either simply as a form of ornament or perhaps as ritual or ceremonial insignia. The shape of the supports varies in about the same way that the shape of the breast varies among individual women; some are quite deep, full and rounded, others rather small and shallow, while a few are pointed. Whatever the variations of form, all are excellent examples of ceramic technique.

* * *

The purpose of these bowls was presumably religious or ceremonial. The oldest of the Tarascan gods were Curicaveri and Cueravahperi (Kueroperi), respectively male and female, who were called "gods of the right hand." Cueravahperi was the goddess of the earth and fertility. Thus we may conjecture that the mammiform bowls were used in some manner in rites connected with her worship. It also seems likely that they are relatively late in date, since they are found in regions where the culture is known to have had a late development, and since mammiform bowls elsewhere do not appear until the Proto-Classic or rather late period.

The little that is known of the religious beliefs and rites of the Tarascans is practically all comprised in a small book written at least ten, perhaps, thirty, years after the Conquest. The material in it was obtained from elders of the former Empire living in the neighborhood of Tzintzuntzán and, in common with



Standing "Madonna" figure with "trestle" feet. Nayarit.



Standing Woman Holding Child. Nayarit.

most hearsay evidence, is presumably to some extent unreliable and subject to error. Moreover, since the Tarascans had no written language, as far as we know, all the material relating to periods before the time of the testifying elders is based upon legend and oral tradition. This meagre record contains almost no description of Tarascan religious practices, for nearly all this part of the account was deleted from the original manuscript by the Inquisition. Thus we have only the artifacts on which to build a structure of surmise and hypothesis regarding what must have been a highly complex religious organization.

Besides the mammiform bowls, a great many other objects indicate a connection with the cult of the female. Among them are the thousands of small figurines modeled in a flat, gingerbread fashion. Many archeologists believe that they were connected with agriculture and were offerings made to the gods to insure bountiful crops. There are good grounds for this belief; on the other hand, a number of cryptlike containers have come to light, containing hundreds of figurines, found under conditions which would lend some support to the idea that they may also have been offerings to Cueravahperi by women who desired children. Perhaps these figurines were simply more or less standardized offerings to this goddess, regarded as appropriate oblations to secure any desired outcome. In any case the figurines show a considerable varia-

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Patterns of an Old City

A JOURNEY IN WILDERNESS

By Howard S. Phillips

COLONEL Mauldsley was one of those odd kind of people whose variegated experience and quite sound knowledge of certain things bore almost no relation whatever with the world he lived in, nor did it help him in any practical measure to cope with the problems he was compelled to face. He could, for instance, talk rather engagingly and with obvious authority on such extraneous matters as the correct form one must follow when riding to hounds and clearing obstacles, growing mildly vehement regarding the advantages of a sustained vertical position during the jump: a rider's plumb balance in ascent and descent, as against the ungainly and needlessly hazardous "chaise longue" method of clinging to the horse's neck, erroneously approved by some misguided schools of riding. He could also talk with much animation and illuminating detail about the formal mores of shooting about partridges and pheasants, and of how the drivers should be properly distributed over the grounds so as to assemble the birds into coveys and finally send them flying over the hedge which concealed the men with the guns who brought them down on the wing. And he could talk, of course, with ample assurance about elephants and Chihuahueño dogs.

There were sundry other things he could talk about, when heartened by a highball or a mug of beer; he could delve into the finer tactical points of artillery in modern strategy, or, when in a reminiscent mood, relate some quaint experience in the first World War or in the Belgian Congo. But he could not discuss with any discernment, with any visible point of comprehension or relevancy, anything that bore relation to current life or mundane problems. The world—as it had probably been when he lived in the African forest—was a remote and incomprehensible realm, and it was utterly useless to strive to understand its entangled reality and trackless momentum.

Colonel Mauldsley was, in other words, a man who had started out in life with a tangible purpose and place, a place that seemed inalienable, and through the process of repeated defeat and gradual frustration found himself in the end shorn of such purpose or place, preserving sufficient strength and tenacity to retain a mercurial grasp, a precarious foothold within the maze of a perpetually alien world. Or one might simply say that he was a gentleman who had lost his designated station, and who found himself cast out into a gross and inhospitable midst wherein the skills and arts he had mastered were of slight practical value. Perpetually bewildered, he was, however, guileless and bore no grudge. And he was, of course, innately too well-mannered to ever complain. It was obvious that he did not blame either himself or the world for the shabby tricks life had played on him. In his bewilderment he seemed, in fact, to be constantly mildly amused by the absurd twists and turns existence is some times likely to assume. All sorts of men come to Mexico from all sorts of places, and most of them in one way or another manage to make here a place for themselves; and I suppose that vaguely Colonel Mauldsley pursued this purpose when he came to this country. To achieve this, however, one must have the facility for adjustment, the capacity to undergo a change, to advantageously adapt one's self to a new environment, or probably just simple luck—all of which the Colonel apparently lacked.

And yet, I had gathered that at least during a certain interim in his lifetime, the interim following his initial uprooting, Mauldsley actually found a place for himself. This was during the years he spent in the Congo. Obviously, he had gone out there, had chosen this remote and secluded haven, this amputation from the outside world, because he was unable to meet the demands of harsh reality, because it seemed easier to him to cope with the stark hazards of a veritable jungle than with the far more intricate hazards of a civilization that in his case had become a jungle.

He had been brought up in a certain way, reared for a definite career, a specific mission in life, which had been amply fulfilled in the war. He had been reared for a position of privilege, and had conditions at home remained unchanged would have enjoyed the rewards of a secure and amenable existence. But the price of war was devastation in peace. Somehow, they had not kept the fires burning through his absence. A manner of life which had seemed eternal was reaching its end. The beagle hounds were no longer baying over the glen and meadow; pink coats and silk toppers were put away in moth-balls; it was the time of smokeless chimneys, of foreclosed mortgages, of the hardfaced bill collector and verbose auctioneer. Home was a cold and cheerless place.

Colonel Mauldsley's estate, by the time the bar-risters had wound up with it, was reduced to almost nothing; and he was often, moreover, in rather poor health, for he carried as a war souvenir a slug of lead that had lodged too close to a vital organ to be extracted safely. He still, however, had his pension, which was not a great deal to be sure, but which could modestly provide for his needs if he reduced them to a minimum. He set out to look for something to do—something he might fit into. He tried his hand at this or that occupation, and met with no success, and finally gave up trying, deciding that the struggle was hardly worth the effort, that the moment had come to pull up stakes and move.

He had met a Belgian officer in the war who had been a planter in the Congo, and the stories the man told him about the place made it seem attractive. "It is a place," the man told him, "you cannot understand, because nothing in your former experience is similar to it. The struggle to live is an endless standing war; life implacably preys on life. But there is peace there for a man who comes to cherish solitude." In some strange manner these words became fixed in Mauldsley's memory.

Like almost everything else at that time, coffee was a drug on the market, and after an inspection journey down the river in a stern-wheeler Mauldsley found a coffee plantation on sale at what seemed an extremely reasonable price. It was a neat place in a clearing over grounds that gently sloped to the river, with a comfortable bungalow, a store-house, an ample shed for the forge and the carpenter's shop; a separate little structure for the office and infirmary—all in excellent repair, with numbered keys for every lock. Of the village nothing could be seen but the peaks of some black cones upstanding in the bush.

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Days of Scarcity

By Dane Chandos

FOR some time it had been increasingly difficult to get gasoline, and, having none, I had to go to Guadalajara by bus. I asked Cayetano if there weren't one that left Ajijie about nine in the morning.

"No," said Candelaria, "at eight thirty."

"That's the Phantom," said Cayetano.

In Mexico you will often see trucks and local buses whose drivers have written pet names on them. The truck that collects my papayas for the market in Guadalajara is called El Mister, the one that brings my lime from Chapala is the Bird without a Song, and the mineral-water truck, simply, Delirium.

"But the Phantom is sometimes very late," said Nieves. "That is why they call it thus. Sometimes it doesn't pass until the next day, pues."

"It won't go tomorrow," said Cayetano. "Tomorrow is the fiesta in El Chante, to which you said I might go in the afternoon, so the Phantom will stay in El Chante, with all certainty."

"All the buses go there tomorrow," said Candelaria. "They say there won't be any in the other direction at all, that is, none except Don César's new bus. That goes to Guadalajara."

"Are you sure?"

"Oh, yes," said Cayetano, "it has to go to the city every day because it also carries much freight, and if it didn't go the freight would throw itself to lose."

To make quite certain, I went up very early the next morning to inquire at Don César's house. In the yard, a young man was sitting on a crate of tomatoes behind a desk, drinking milk out of a gourd.

"Oh, yes," he said, "it goes every day without fail."

"What time does it leave?"

"At ten, pues," he said, and then, as an afterthought, added, "but who knows, for it doesn't have limits."

"It wouldn't leave before ten?"

"It might. Last Wednesday it left very early, but that was because Don César was going to see the Governor about the new school."

I asked if he thought there were any chance of its leaving early today.

"Oh, no. Sometimes it doesn't leave until from eleven onward."

"But it will go to Guadalajara? It's not going to take people to the fiesta at El Chante, like all the other buses?"

"Oh, no, señor. Look, it's here now."

I went home to breakfast, and when I returned to the plaza at ten o'clock there were already a number of people in the bus. I got in and found myself



Drawing.

By Ricardo Bárcenas.

a seat between an old man who was nursing a big straw bundle and Chui, from whom I used to buy my milk, who was taking some cream cheeses to Chapala. And then I waited.

A woman got in carrying a bucket of pig's entrails in one hand a huge bunch of white lilies in the other. She sat down next to Chui, who cut one of the cheeses he was going to sell in Chapala and offered her a slice.

It was a quarter of eleven.

"D'you know," I heard Chui say, "at the finish and the end, I think I'll go on to Guadalajara too. My cheeses might sell better there."

"How much d'you think I'll get for these?" said the woman indicating the entrails.

"Who knows," said Chui.

"Pues," said the woman, "I'm going to the city to buy a new shawl, but my centavos won't reach unless I sell the flowers and these little tripes."

At a quarter after eleven the driver of the bus appeared, jumped in, and started the engine. Then he stopped it.

"Just to see if it wanted to go well," he explained.

Then César himself arrived. He looked inside the engine. He poured in some oil out of an old flower vase and started to talk very fast with the chauffeur. They talked for some time.

The driver started the engine again and turned to address the passengers.

"Says Don César," he announced, "that at the finish and the end, he has a mind to go to El Chante."

There was a slight pause, and then a flurry of conversation smothered his next sentence. Chui was guessing aloud how much he would get in El Chante for the remaining three of his five cream cheeses, and the woman next to him, firmly clutching her bucket of entrails, was arranging with a small child to take the lilies up to the church. Among the score of passengers for Guadalajara, there were only two who got off the bus with me.

"I can't go," said one of them sadly. "I have to go at once to the city. Last night a fit struck my mother."

* * *

THE GAS situation got worse. There were noticeably fewer cars on the streets of Guadalajara, the taxis would only take you for short trips at treble price, and outside the filling stations there were queues half a mile long. César's truck was reduced to two journeys to the city a week.

"It's the black market," screamed the newspaper. "They have a corner in gasoline. It's a disgrace to the country."

And the next day the same paper said it was all due to the Pánuco River, which had overflowed its banks and destroyed the road, thus preventing gasoline coming by truck from Tampico. Even if it hadn't completely destroyed the road, they added, the river was so swollen that it was too dangerous for the ferry to cross.

"They say that the Señor Governor is taking it all for himself," whispered an old Indio to me. "They say it's for the machines on his little melon gardens, down on the coast. But who knows, pues."

"Many units of the North American fleet are exercising off Manzanillo," my lawyer in Guadalajara told me. "The entire oil supply of Mexico is being diverted there to feed them."

"It's the lack of tank cars," screamed the newspaper. "So many have gone to the States and not come back that there aren't enough to bring the oil up from Tampico. Our rolling stock is a disgrace to the country."

"The station in Guadalajara," said a rival paper, "is full of tank cars full of gasoline, but there's no one to unload them. It's a disgrace to the state of Jalisco."

"The pipe line from Tampico to the capital has broken itself," said Don César. "I'm sending my truck all the way to the coast to buy three thousand liters."

And then a Mexican tanker was reported on fire and, later, sunk in the Gulf.

"Of course," said everyone, "it was bound for New Orleans. Of course, it had a cargo of oil, otherwise why would it burn?"

But the next day they changed their minds.

"It was," they said, "the ship that brings oil

from Tampico to Manzanillo via the Canal, and now it has sunk and there is no other ship."

"They say that many things now go to Russia," said Venustiano. "Or China, would it be? One never knows, one year with another."

I myself spent a whole day of fruitless search for gasoline in Guadalajara. I had been told that all you had to do was to obtain a priority ticket. "Say it's for the little motor to irrigate your huerta," I was prompted. I got a priority ticket easily enough, without giving anybody a tip, but I soon found that everybody else with a car had one too. There was still no gas, and I arrived back in Chapala with just enough in my tank to take me on to Ajijic. I went straight to the Widow's cantina and, over a long cool drink of lime juice, told her my troubles.

"Gasoline?" she said, and let out a tremendous cateall.

A policeman, who was sitting under an umbrella on the beach, got up and ambled over to us.

"Gas?" he said, "but you can get all you want right here in Chapala. Oh, no, I know there's none at the filling station. You must go to the cinema. I'll go with you and show you."

We drove the four blocks and I pulled up in front of the theater.

"Not here," said the policeman. "We must go to the back door. Oh, no, we can drive round. It's the black market, you see, so we had to stop them selling it out here in front. Sound your horn."

A man came out bearing two enormous cans, and, without my saying a word, filled my tank. He charged me about fifty per cent above the normal price.

"Thus it is," he said. "It isn't really dear. Whenever you need anything like this come to me."

"Oh, yes," said the policeman, slapping him on the back, "this Don Policarpio has many little hidden stores."

"Very well," I said. "And tell me, why is sugar scarce now?"

"Oh, that's because the growers can get more selling their cane to the makers of cheap tequila than to the sugar refiners. In the United States they are drinking much tequila that isn't true tequila at all."

"And so we have no sugar?"

"That's it," said Don Policarpio. "But if you want some now I can let you have fifty kilos. Would you prefer it granulated or in little lumps?"

Undulant Authorship

By Charles Wheaton Stork

MYSTERIOUSLY impelled, a crest we rear
That, falling, crumbles white,
On the blue scroll in cryptogram appear
The foam-brief characters we write.



In order to build the Tijuana-Mexicali, Baja California Highway it was necessary to surmount one of the most rugged mountain regions in the country.

Men, Roads and the Nation

By Ricardo Garibay

MAN'S primary concern is man. Everything we have done, everything we are doing or intend to do is of great importance to us, of much greater importance than what is done by itself through natural forces, or what happens in the whole vast field of the universe. Our surroundings interest us insofar as they reveal the deeds and footsteps of our own kind.

We seek. We note the face of our across-the-street neighbor, those of our fleeting companions in a streetcar, of those who sit near us in a restaurant. If we walk through the streets of a city we scrutinize the features of passersby, and if we go away from it, on a day in the country, on a short business journey, we return with a lingering memory of a sunset, of an old church, of a town square, but above all of the faces we had glimpsed, of the gestures which seemed odd to us, of the strange inflexion of the voices peculiar to the region or the cadence of speech. There is no geography independent of a chronicle. The words of the historian, tacit and certain, animate the geographer's lecture. There is no man who upon his return from a journey does not speak of a place in accordance with the treatment he was accorded. When a townsman returns to his midst he cannot avoid the queries: "... And how are the people? What do they do? What do they say? What do they think of us?"

It is the enviable delight of the traveler—and is there anyone who does not crave it?—to know people of many places. We seek; that cannot be doubted. With false indifference, with careful carelessness,

we do not stop thinking of others. We are lured to distant cities so as to know its men and to see their works; and despite ourselves, without ever foregoing the promise of this pleasure, little by little we come to understand the things that lie beyond our personal boundaries—no matter how distant or close they may be—and we perceive that there is no mystery whatever, for we are all more or less the same: everywhere people work, sing or fight at fairs, while the studious men labor at their desks, ponder and interpret the work of the people. But this gradual comprehension does not diminish our yearnings to travel, to see and to know. Are we not, in the end, always pursuing the unattainable? And does not our civilization itself depend upon this pursuit?

To know mankind—even if we are all more or less the same—enriches us spiritually. The first traveler carried with him his speech and experience, and his neighbors were benefited by it. He also carried his surplus products which he exchanged with his neighbors for different other products, thus enriching his economy. The first traveler returned to his home rejuvenated and brought back with him exciting accounts of his journey. The news spread; paths were blazed, bridges were built, and eager men, bearing all sorts of goods on their backs, trailed hither and yon. Settlements came into being, and culture—commerce, thought, politics, diseases, poetry, customs—traveled over the roads, equalizing the manner of life among distant people. Dwellers in cities could enjoy



The tourist centers in the State of Colima have been greatly benefited by the Jiquilpan-Manzanillo Highway, which enables the visitor to journey in full comfort over an extensive zone of the Pacific Coast.

the fruit borne by remote trees. Ideas which improved life in the cities became known to dwellers on the edge of a desert and also improved their life.

This is the boon of human communication, of traffic over roads, which day after day is growing more swift and certain—the boon of making man known to man and thereby of bettering common life.

* * *

Throughout a long time Mexico was a vast expanse of desert-like territory. Its provincial communities lived, up to comparatively recent days, in virtual isolation. A culture impeded by geography gave

rise to a tight regionalism, to a foreignness among the inhabitants. The lack of roads, of means of communication, enclosed the provinces in a mute solitude. Their production was small, for they lacked an outlet for their surplus. The languor prevalent in rural Mexico undermined the country's vitality. Reduced to strictly regional economy rural Mexico did not share in the benefits accruing elsewhere, nor did it elevate its own living standards. The advances in agricultural and industrial methods and in the realm of thought had for the provincial dwellers the savour of grandmother's tales.

It has not been so long ago that a dense mist of backwardness floated over rural Mexico. This was due to the reason that the lack of communication creates an enforced isolation, one which becomes voluntary, and that manifests itself in indolence and pride, and in a sterile selfishness, which are the enemies of all progress. The man is the word, and the word is communication, and this is—or should be—the mutual accord to pursue a common well-being.

We must mistrust the silent and withdrawing man, the man who dwells solely within himself, the self-sufficient introvert, because he has nothing to give, or has something which is of no value to his kind. Man is a daily narration, an articulation of ideas which create a people, a government, a nation, which is to realize the goal of "the march to the sea." it.

A country whose provincial inhabitants know nothing of each other because they have no way of making themselves heard, who do not share the fruit of their mutual labor because they lack the means of communication, is yet not a nation. In our time there cannot be a nation without roads, without railways, without telegraphs, without airports, without telephones or a postal service, not any more than there can a man without speech, without arms or legs.

* * *

"All roads leads to Rome"—an imperial slogan which today lacks practical meaning. The present government of Mexico, deeply concerned with the progress of its nation, seems to follow the slogan—"All roads should lead to the villages." For indeed, even the smallest village must have roads which can connect it with other villages, and with the trunk highways which go to the Capital or to the frontiers or the sea. Even the smallest village must be in contact with the rest of the world.

The work that is being done at present and which is projected for the near future by the Secretariat of



The road from Mérida to Chichén Itzá is an important tourist route in the highway network of Yucatán, since it takes the visitor to one of the most beautiful archaeological zones in México.



Entrance to Querétaro. Passing under an arch of a Colonial aqueduct, this highway provides a link of communication between this city and many smaller towns.

Communications and Public Works and will be completed during the administration of President Adolfo Ruiz Cortines will largely liquidate the problem of regional isolation. A vast network of roads is being built at this time which extends through the country from north to south, and yet another, the Inter-Oceanic, is to realize the goal of "the march to the sea."

Crisscrossing the major highways, numerous state and neighborhood roads are being built everywhere. Railways are being built to the North, Northeast, Northwest, the Center, the South, Southeast, East and West of the country. Airports and radio stations are being constructed; telegraph and telephone services are being extended to hitherto incommunicated regions. New post offices are being opened.

Upon the basis of severe honesty, of sober and serene patriotism, work is being done all over the country without pause or wasteful hurry. Gradually the new highways and neighborhood roads are penetrating regions that up to a short time ago were inaccessible.

In keeping with the basic aim of his administration: "A more equitable distribution of wealth which may unite the Mexican in the postulates of social justice," President Ruiz Cortines regards communication—"for it permits the government to coordinate production and distribution for the benefit of the majorities"—as an indispensable instrument whereby such social justice may be obtained.

The roads which are being built by the Secretariat

The road Jiquilpan-Manzanillo forms an important link in the highway system of the states of Colima and Michoacán. Traversing a beautiful tropical region, it provides an outlet for the copra produced on numerous plantations.





of Communications will enable the Mexicans to journey into the open world—to go forth, to see and to learn what goes on in the rest of the world. But, and what is even more important, they will also permit the Mexicans to travel to all sections of their own country, to cover it point by point; to know it and to love it entirely. "These roads," said President Ruiz Cortines, "will stimulate, in the function of the majorities, a tourism that is essentially national."

It is well that the government combats in this way the country's economic poverty and geographic severity. For in creating contact between its people it increases the productivity of the land, improves life, creates a community of material and spiritual interests, arouses faith in its own resources, strengthens patriotic devotion, all of which provide the structure of a nation.

The cities of Mexicali and Tijuana in the State of Baja California are communicated by a first-class highway which facilitates commercial interchange between this state and the rest of the Republic.

The arid mountain country in the State of Baja California Norte can be traversed with great facility thanks to the termination of the important highway which links Tijuana with Mexicali.



The Story of Mexican Music

By John A. Miguel, Jr

ONCE there was a time when a request for any American dance orchestra to play a Mexican number got you either (1) "La Cucaracha" or (2) "Cielito Lindo."

Times have changed. Recordings, radio, the movies and the musical comedies of the stage have given America and the world a liberal education on the modern music of Mexico and presented them with Canciones Rancheras and lilting boleros for diplomas.

Hollywood has been an outstanding teacher in the public's Mexican music curriculum. Walt Disney has already based two of his full-length pictures almost entirely on native Mexican tunes, and in "Make Mine Music," he presents episodes in which Chucho Martinez Gil and the well-known guitarists and cancioneros, the Trio Calaveras, figure prominently. In the current preference for Mexico as a background for movie stories, Hollywood has consistently made use of either the production of Mexican composers or themes based on, or inspired by, the music from across the border. Also, Mexican movies have themselves contributed, having attained considerable popularity in the States.

Although this music may be new to the American public, it is not new to the people who originated it. As a matter of fact, it should not really be called "new" because it is a development of the musical culture of the great Pre-Colombian Indian civilizations, plus the influence of ecclesiastical choir chants and romantic ballads brought by the Spanish Conquerors as well as 19th Century dances from western Europe.

Perhaps the best known form of native Mexican music is that which was played before the coming of Cortes on the teponaxtle and the huehuetl, two drum-like instruments invented by the tzendales and regarded by them as sacred; that is, only to be played on occasions of especial ceremony and ritual. In that way the use of these drums was passed on to the later civilizations—the Nahoas and Tarascans—who also considered the teponaxtle to be an indication of power. There is historical reference to this belief of the Tarascan Indians when, fearful and dismayed by the coming of the Spaniards, they were shown by their King Harame his great golden teponaxtle, in order to restore their confidence in his power and to give courage to attack the invaders.

Both the teponaxtle and the huehuetl were played by all the civilizations of the Anahuac (Valley of Mexico). These peoples had solved the problem of tone values in percussion instruments long before peoples of comparable cultural standards had achieved similar results in other parts of the world.

The invention of these two instruments was in-



Oil.

By Manuel Gallardo Bolaños.

spired by the ritual connected with the hunt. From this primitive beginning, they became the basic accompaniment for all ceremonial dances, from which later there evolved public entertainments with these same drums and others derived from them, forming the Aztec and Toltec orchestras. There is no actual difference between the teponaxtle and the huehuetl, except for the position in which they were played. The first was sounded in a horizontal position, on both ends, like the drums in a military band; the other was played in a vertical position and tapped only on the top.

European forms of music were brought by the Spaniards as an integral part of their religion and were propagated among the natives in much the same way as they impelled the dissemination of their language. In the religious practices of the Indians today one finds a religion alien to both the native rites and the orthodox doctrine of the church; in the same way, the European musical traditions became Mexican by the infiltration of primitive instruments and rhythms.

It has been proved that early Mexican civilizations understood the complicated theories of orchestration before the arrival of the Spaniards and it is also true that they rapidly assimilated the techniques of harmony and composition brought by the conquerors. The music of the Colonial Period is full of religious and academic works written by unknown composers—probably Indians.

Mexicans have always been a freedom-loving people. Before they reached a final break with Spain they expressed a mute rebellion against her authority in many ways. In music, this was evidenced in a passion for injecting in the traditional religious music of the Spaniards something of their own whimsical originality. Another example of this independence of mind is exemplified by their adoption of the jarabe as a national dance after its expulsion from Spain as a licentious and demoralizing influence, due, no doubt, to its gypsy origin.

As far back as 1779 dancing was a public entertainment to which the entire town or village was invited. However, the Spanish Government considered this pastime to be immoral "and a possible source of rebellion." In that same year, the Colonial Government issued an edict restricting "dancing academies" because of a series of scandalous incidents that took place in those establishments.

These academies were really dancing schools started by women educated abroad who wished to inculcate European standards of culture in the Mexicans. It was in these schools that the famous jarabe reached its popularity. The two central figures of this dance—the charro (or-cow-boy) and the china poblana (a girl dressed in a fabulous costume of Chinese inspiration) became the best-known characters of Mexico's folk dances outside of the country. There were, however, other dances and songs, far more typical of Mexico's national feelings: the huapango, a traditional dance from the state of Veracruz, a derivative of which, the bamba, is the current rage of the younger generation, originated in the tropical sections of Mexico with Afro-Indian influences.

The popular Mexican bolero has nothing in common with the Spanish bolero which was a development of the Seguidillas. In the Mexican colony the Negro and Indian influences gave the bolero a very different expression from its Spanish conception; although even in Spain it had had African influences through its Moorish rhythms. Adopted by the Negro mestizos, the bolero was enriched with such flavor and verve that the word bolero all over the world means today the form it took in Mexico.

The popularity of the waltz in Mexico was simultaneous with the degeneration of the Spanish Empire. Essentially a dance of the aristocracy, it was taken up by the decadent colonial society of that period because of its newness and daring. It was first known as balsa, a dance taught by the crew of a French boat to the people of Veracruz in 1810. All through the War of Independence the waltz continued in favor and many lovely songs have maintained their popularity to the present day. They are far removed in feeling from what most people feel to be Mexican music, and the well-known waltz of Juventino Rosas, "Sobre las Olas," is still believed by many to be the composition of a Viennese.

In our time, we find the waltz still a popular musical expression and many of the modern composers, such as Augustin Lara, have used it in the composition of some of their best-known hits. Lara's "Farolito" is having a successful revival since it was recently readapted for Dorothy Lamour in the picture "Masquerade in Mexico."

The *córrido*, a song with a rapid and vibrant tempo was especially loved during the Mexican Revolutions—and its war-like beat, which made it suitable for lyrics describing the exploits of rebellious heroes. It is completely native to Mexico and has no counterpart in any other Latin American country. The tempo of the *corrido* suggests to the discerning ear faint echoes of the early tribal drums.

But the *corrido*, although purely native in its conception, shows traces of 15th Century Spanish romances—and the medieval ways of the troubadour. The theme is almost always a musical biography of some ill-fated mortal. Just when many people considered the *corrido* an almost obsolete musical form in Mexico, along came "El Corrido del Hijo Desobediente," one of the top hits of last year.

* * *

The *ranchera* is the largest single song classification in Mexican music, and as such has many variations in its rhythm, from the slow paced, mournful lament to the spirited and alegre song of triumph. As its name implies, it is indigenous to the rancho and is thus first cousin to the songs of the cowboys of the American West. The *ranchera* speaks of love, jealousy, vengeance and women, almost always with a strong flavor of tequila, and is naturally the music most suited to the peculiar talents of the mariachis.

The records of Lucha Reyes, who was the indisputable queen of this type of song, have done much to popularize the *rancheras* on the whole continent and more recently the recordings of Jorge Negrete have strengthened the demand for these songs.

Among the best known and best loved songs, typically Mexican in their perfect blending of Spanish and Indian sentiment, are the works of Ponce—whose "Estrellita" has been sung on concert stages throughout the world—Marcos Jimenes, whose "Adios Mariquita Linda" has become a classic of its type, the songs of Tata Nacho, Mario Talavera, Esparaza—Oteo, and

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Unique

By Dorothy Randolph Byard

SEED is cast in earth for sun
 To warm and rain to fall upon
 Until the time for the first uncurling
 Of tiny germ and the leaf's unfurling
 Into a pattern that will not be
 Again in blossom or shrub or tree.
 Out of the spirit, of embryo,
 A man is born; this man shall know
 By a sap in him ever speaking
 Silently how he must be seeking
 To shape the pattern that one alone
 Is given, by only one is shown.



Etching.

By Angel Zamarripa.

Car Trouble at Cajon

By John W. Hilton

AS I look back over my trips to Sonora I am startled by the fact that many of the nicest things that happened to me were the direct results of car trouble on the rough back-country roads. New highways are being rushed to completion, and the time draws near when tourists can whizz from one large city to another, with the same ease as they would on the boulevards at home.

When this day finally comes, travelers in Sonora are going to miss a great deal of wonderful scenery, and fail to meet some of the finest and most interesting people. Every time I have had a breakdown, in this country, it has turned out to be a "blessing in disguise."

I had picked up a rather violent case of malaria, down on the coast, and had been a sick man for some weeks. In fact, some of my native friends in the village had gone so far as to start building my coffin, when fever finally broke. Being up and about again, I decided to drive into Alamos for a few days. At Cajon I came to a stop at the ford in the arroyo, as usual, and waded in to see how it was. It was a little deep, but I decided I could make it, by following Doc's tactics of rushing through and letting the engine dry off on the other bank, from its own heat.

The theory was all right, but somehow I didn't quite execute the maneuver. My motor choked and died in midstream. There had been rain the night before, and the muddy water was swirling past at quite a rate. The engine itself was inundated, and water was coming up through the floor boards.

A crowd soon collected. Presently someone came down from the little settlement with a team of mules, to drag me out. I realized that it would be futile to

try to start the engine after this long immersion, so I had them pull my truck back into the village of Cajon, where I could work on it. Things looked pretty discouraging. A lot of my luggage was wet. Before doing anything else, I hauled out to dry. Finally I got round to the car, and found that it was still dripping wet with muddy water. The wires were all so soaked that I decided the only thing I could do was to clean out the distributor, wipe everything off, and allow the wiring to dry overnight.

Dña Isabella, who operates the village store, came over to see if she could be of any service. She suggested I put all my things inside her fence, where they wouldn't be bothered while drying; and offered me the hospitality of her house. I had always admired Dña Isabella. This middle-aged widow had managed to make quite a success in the village with her little trading store. Now she was also a cattle owner, and had other interests that assured her children a sound position in the community. All this, in a land where women seldom do anything but keep house, was a greater accomplishment than can be imagined by women in my own country who face the business world on an equal footing with men. I gladly accepted her invitation and moved in.

My hostess apologized for the plain fare of tortillas and beans, as we sat around her table at the evening meal, but promised on the morrow to have something special for me. I assured her that this was what I wanted; to be treated just like anyone else, not a "visiting priest." Her ample form shook with chuckles as she replied that I was "muy simpático," but that she seldom had guests, and that guests were a good excuse for cooking something extra. After supper, we

sat around and talked with other villagers who gathered under the ramada. I felt more at home with these people, since I had been thrown on their mercy, than I had ever felt just as a passing friend. It was a good feeling, and when I spread my sleeping bag on an extra wide bed in the yard, I had forgotten all the trouble of the day, and slept like a child.

The next morning I was awakened by the cheery crackle of the cookfire in the kitchen and the smell of fresh-ground coffee. My hostess had been concerned about my thinness. (I had lost thirty pounds in my bout with the *estivo-autumnal* malaria.) My skin was, also, too white to please her. She said I needed something to build up my blood, and she had sent a boy to cut some "palo dulce" for a tea.

It was an excellent breakfast of papaya, tortillas, and an omelette made with fine-chopped onion tops and green chilis. This, with several cups of her home-roasted coffee, made a meal fit for any king. I told her so, and she smiled her infectious smile, and went back into the kitchen to fetch me another cup of coffee. She said she wished me no hard luck, but she hoped the car wouldn't run right away, so she would have a chance to build me up. She had also dispatched a couple of boys to bring in a cow to milk. Fresh milk is considered a delicacy in these parts, and is thought to be a cure-all for convalescents.

* * *

I went out to the car, and found that her wish had been granted—with a vengeance. The wet wires had shorted my battery out, and it was as dead as a battery can get. There was nothing to do but to send it in to the nearest mechanic, thirty miles away, to be charged. This meant a day, on the way by burro, a day for charging, and a day to return.

Doña Isabella beamed when I told her the news. She was whittling small shavings from a piece of hard dark wood when I came into the kitchen. Putting them in a pot of cold water, she explained that now she would have a chance to prove to me how good it was. The wood chips would have to soak for an hour, in cool water, to produce the medicinal tea. Hot water would spoil it. I left her, after promising to be back and drink my medicine, and went in search of a man who would take my battery into Alamos. It was a slack season, and there were plenty of men and burros in the community. We removed the battery and lashed it, securely, with a padding of grass, between the cross pieces of a pack saddle. In less than an hour, my battery transportation was solved. I watched them disappear around a bend in the trail, from Doña Isabella's front yard, and wondered how I would spend the next three days.

The tea turned out to be quite a surprise. Most herb teas I have sampled have been either so very bitter or so highly aromatic that it was a toss-up whether the disease or the cure was to be most dreaded. This concoction had a delicate flavor, something like a very mild Chinese tea. I sat and sipped it in the darkness of the kitchen, and remarked jokingly to Doña Isabella that it could hardly be of any help, since it wasn't bitter at all. She laughed, and suggested that I take my glass out into the sunlight and took at it. I was again surprised, for the liquid was a brilliant blue-green, as if it had been dyed with some highly fluorescent dye. On closer inspection, I found that this bluish color was indeed a fluorescence, and that the actual color of the tea, when viewed by transmitted light, was a rich reddish orange. I had to whittle some shavings, myself, and soak them in water, before I could believe that this strange color had been derived, solely, from this rather ordinary looking piece of wood. Doña Isabella said that I was to drink

no plain water, but to try and take as much of this tea as possible. There was no limit to the dose. The more I could absorb, the sooner I would feel stronger and start gaining weight and color.

Whether it was the tea or Doña Isabella's cooking I am not prepared to state, but before I left Cajon, I was eating like a horse and feeling a hundred percent better. I brought several pieces of the wood back to the States, but found no doctor interested enough to really find out what it contained, or whether it had any medicinal value.

It was an Indian tea for curing fever that led the way for the medical profession to accept the active ingredient of cinchona bark (quinine sulphate) for the cure of malaria. Cinchona and its relatives have been known as specifics for fevers, under the name of "palo amargo" (bitter wood), for countless centuries, by jungle natives. Palo dulce (sweet wood) had been used by Sonoran tribes, as a tonic, to build up the weakened patient, after the fever had broken. I still feel that its investigation might prove profitable. I have pieces of this wood in my possession that are now several years old. It takes longer to produce a solution of strong color than it did when the wood was fresh, but otherwise I see no signs of deterioration. I tried heating the tea, and found that as soon as it neared the boiling point it permanently lost its blue-green fluorescence and acquired a different flavor. If a concentrate is to be prepared, it will have to be done under vacuum, to insure the stability of the drug. The tea is only good for about two days, in warm weather. On the third day it sours and develops a vile odor—like the water in a vase of neglected flowers.

* * *

The people of the neighborhood knew that I was interested in buying odd minerals and crystals, so I was not surprised when a small boy came up to me in the yard with a bright little quartz crystal, for sale. I had plenty of these, but rather than disappoint the child, I accepted the crystal and gave him a five-cent copper. He stood there acting displeased, and I asked him what was wrong. He replied that this was a very special crystal, and was worth at least a dime. I took it back out of my pocket and held it up to the light. Something moved, inside; and I realized that the boy had been more than right. The crystal contained a small cavity of water that had been trapped, while it was forming. A little bubble of air or gas moved freely about inside, like the bubble in a spirit level. I assured the boy that he was entitled to more for such a specimen, and gave him a peso for it. His eyes bulged out like a frightened frog, and he took off on a dead run to spread the news to the other boys of the settlement. I began wondering if I had made a wrong move in paying so much for a sample. This would establish a price which I would be bound to pay in the future. I decided that I would let things ride and see if nature had repeated its unusual feat of trapping and preserving million-year-old water in walls of crystal.

That afternoon I was besieged by a stream of boys who had crystals of every sort and size. I asked them where they had found them, and they vaguely replied "muy lejos" (very far away). Only three of the crystals were as good as the one brought by the original boy. The rest had either imaginary bubbles or such minute ones that the boys themselves had to turn the crystals around a good many times, to relocate them. I was astounded at the sharpness of their eyes. They were able to see with the naked eye bubbles that became plainly visible to me only under a mineralogist's glass. I never discovered the source of these mineral novelties, but I was able to purchase several more before I left the village.

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Water Color.

By Myrtle Frankovitz.

Combatting the Locust

By Gonzalo Blanco

BACK IN THE MID-TWENTIES, Mexicans posting letters would ask the mail clerk for "a ten-centavo stamp and a locust." The "locust" was an extra one-centavo stamp the government decreed must appear on all first-class mail. The proceeds from its sale went into a national fund for combating the voracious insect that was wreaking havoc in the south-eastern states.

A considerable sum of money was raised, but the ensuing campaign had a basic weakness: the defenders were battling the effects instead of the causes. As quickly as a black cloud of angry locusts was destroyed, it was replaced by new swarms crossing the border in a seemingly endless procession from Guatemala.

After a couple of years, the invasions petered out, and for a time people forgot them. Then in 1934 the dread visits began all over again. Remembering the bitter experience of 1925, the governments of Mexico and Guatemala signed a joint agreement. Locust-fighting brigades were mobilized in both countries, and generous appropriations were made to support the project, but once again the result was failure. The locusts did not originate in Guatemala, but in countries farther south—El Salvador, Nicaragua, and Costa Rica.

Early in 1947 it was learned that a new band of locusts was forming in southern Costa Rica, and in February of that year the Ministers of Agriculture of the five Central American countries and Mexico met in San Salvador. The same countries sent delegates to a conference in Guatemala City in June 1947 and a third in Tapachula, Mexico, two years later. The International Committee to Coordinate the Anti-Locust Campaign in Central America and Mexico, created at the Tapachula gathering, has its headquarters in Nicaragua. International extermination campaigns were carried on during 1949 and 1950, and by 1951 the insect invasions had stopped. Time will tell whether this

is only a normal cyclical disappearance or an indication that the battle has been won once and for all.

Locusts have plagued man ever since his first attempts at farming. In the early days their attacks were attributed to the devil, and conjurers were called upon to try to break up the swarms. Attempts were also made to drive them away by burning sulphur in the plazas, or to frighten them off with church bells, drums, bugles, cannons, or huge bonfires. Ancient writers tell of peoples that were destroyed by locusts and of others that used them as food. It is said that even today among certain tribes in central and southern Africa the arrival of a swarm is a welcome sight, as it assures a few days' feasting on toasted insects.

In Egypt, in the Roman colonies, in China, in Asia, in the Mediterranean countries, and in most of Africa and Australia, locusts have left an endless trail of desolation and terror. More than once in the course of the centuries they have stood in the way of kings and generals. Charles XII's Swedish army was forced to postpone a difficult mountain crossing on its return from Poltava because a locust swarm made the going too dangerous. And when colonists came from Europe to settle on the lands now occupied by the United States, Mexico, and the Central American republics, they found this eternal enemy waiting for them.

In Europe the term locust is applied to the larger varieties of *Aceridiidae*, while the smaller ones are called grasshoppers, but in the United States the two terms are used interchangeably. The Spanish-speaking countries set a trap for the faltering foreigner by using *chapulines* for both young locusts and grasshoppers and *langostas* for both locusts and, of all things, lobsters.

Pods containing twenty-five to a hundred eggs are deposited in the soil by female locusts. Under favorable conditions the eggs are hatched in two or three

weeks, and the young locusts or nymphs develop rapidly, molting five or six times before they become adult. The insect's entire life span is believed to be three to five months, so that sometimes one generation begins a migration and successive ones complete it.

Locust cycles remain one of the mysteries of science. Argentina investigators have even related them to sun spots, claiming that locusts all over the world reach a migratory phase in the years when the fewest sun spots are observed. As evidence, they point to the decreased number of spots in 1923-26, 1934-36, and 1946-47, all years when migrations took place.

In 1921, B. P. Uvarov explained the sporadic migrations and disappearances in terms of phases. According to his theory, which was later corroborated by other investigators, locusts of each species go from solitary to gregarious stages. The current phase can be recognized by the color, shape, physiology, and behavior of the insect. The solitary stage is normal, while the gregarious stage is a physiological response to violent changes in temperature, humidity, or other aspects of the environment.

* * *

Migratory locusts sometimes travel enormous distances. Clouds of them have been sighted over the Atlantic up to twelve hundred miles from land, and the locusts that invaded England in 1869 apparently originated on the east coast of Africa. Some swarms are fantastically big. One recorded in 1639 took three days to pass over Lisbon, Portugal. And one that was sighted crossing the Red Sea in 1889, which probably came from Africa's eastern deserts, measured two thousand square miles. Eventually, perhaps as a result of violent storms, the insects disperse and go into the solitary phase. No one knows exactly what causes their apparent disappearance, but many years pass in which not a single locust is seen in large areas previously attacked. At the outset of a migration, however, some insects seem to remain in the breeding grounds to begin a new cycle much later.

Various defenses against the locust have been devised, but once a swarm takes to the air it is almost impossible to stop it; victims can only resort to palliative measures. Farmers have tried destroying the eggs deposited in the soil by the invaders, building ditches to trap young locusts, preparing poison baits, burning the pests out with flame throwers, and even dusting the swarms from airplanes and helicopters. Planes are also used to locate the lethal clouds and warn those whose fields lie in their path.

The problem of control is tough because of the vast territory involved and because locusts generally originate in isolated and sparsely populated regions. That's why permanent control requires international action. The best means of prevention lies in cleaning out the breeding grounds, but these are extremely difficult to find.

We know that in addition to those in Central America, there are extensive breeding grounds in the southern part of the continent, especially in Argenti-

na. Fortunately for those trying to control both groups, the swarms bred there do not range far enough north to mix with the Central American insects. As long ago as 1907, Uruguay established a Central Committee on Exterminating the Locust, and the struggle has been going on in Argentina for forty years.

Formal international cooperation in fighting the insect in South America dates back to the First International Congress on Agricultural Protection in 1913. The desire of all the affected countries to work together to find a solution was reiterated at the International Anti-Locust Conference in Montevideo in 1934, which was attended by delegates from Argentina, Brazil, El Salvador, Guatemala, Nicaragua, Mexico, Paraguay, and Uruguay.

* * *

In London the Imperial Bureau of Entomology established an International Center of Anti-Locust Research in 1932, directed by Dr. Uvarov, originator of the phase theory. According to this organization, locusts did a hundred million pounds' worth of damage in forty-one countries in the years between 1925 and 1934. The center has organized several world conferences to map out plans for control.

A resolution adopted at the Second Inter-American Conference on Agriculture, held in Mexico in 1942, called for mutual aid to control the migratory locust in the American nations. The Third Conference on Agriculture, held in Caracas in 1945, recommended that "the important migratory plagues that may be controlled in the country of their origin be investigated and effective measures be taken to fight them through international cooperation." In September 1946 the delegates of eight American countries signed an Inter-American Anti-Locust Agreement in Montevideo, and set up the Permanent Inter-American Anti-Locust Committee with headquarters in Buenos Aires. The next year, when locusts appeared in Ecuador, that country and Colombia took joint action.

A locust invasion has always been synonymous with national calamity, for it creates a three-pronged crisis—political as well as economic and social. It impoverishes the rural population—the majority group in Latin American countries—and brings a general weakening of the affected nation's finances. The result is instability and a fertile climate for disorder.

The success of the 1949-51 anti-locust campaigns in Mexico and Central America and of the Mexican-United States program to control hoof-and-mouth disease should stimulate further teamwork in tackling problems of animal and plant health. For pests and diseases threatening crops and domestic animals recognize no political barriers or geographical frontiers. The damage they leave as they pass from one country to another is still incalculable; but it can be reduced through international action.

The world's already scarce food supply is at stake. Only by pooling resources can mankind harvest from the fields something more than the scraps left behind by the insatiable locusts.

Emerald City

By Paul Kresh

THE fabulous Emerald City described in the children's stories of the Land of Oz has a real-life counterpart in the Mexican town of Oaxaca. "The Emerald City" of Oaxaca literally lives up to its name. Green is the color of this unspoiled town—in the limestone of its imposing churches, the walls of its houses, the glaze of its pottery and even the twists of lime used to flavor its beverages.

Up to a few years ago Oaxaca was not conveniently at the disposal of the motoring tourist. A single rail line connected it with the rest of the world, requiring an uncomfortable twelve-hour journey. When the new 340-mile highway between Mexico City and Oaxaca was opened in 1943, it became possible to drive easily to Oaxaca and explore its wonders.

But despite its newly-gained accessibility, Oaxaca remains old-fashioned in every respect—even its prices are of a former time.

You can get a room, bath and Mexican style meals in Oaxaca for 15 pesos per day; you can pick up a pair of thick-soled sandals in the market for 5 pesos; and you can become the owner of exquisite samples of its greenglazed cups and saucers for less than a U.S. dime each.

The ride to Oaxaca carries you through mountains stained with the turquoises and pinks and violets of fairy-tale illustrations until, at the junction of the Eastern and Western Sierras, you have entered the Emerald City of Mexico.

Here are Indian treasures and Colonial buildings, sixteenth century churches built by the Spaniards out of soft green stone, yellowing with time. But that stone has defied many an earthquake. And time and earthquakes have done little to mar the carved golden monuments of the ancient Zapotec Indians who left these impressive memorials to the high standards of their civilization.

You can see their descendants today. There is something oriental about these Zapotec survivors, carrying their wares of worked leatherware, textile and pottery through the silent town. Not only their Chinese-like slanting eyes, but their philosophy. On market day their brilliantly colored headdresses and striking costumes may awaken the senses of the staring tourist, but they are a tranquil people.

* * *

Although it is seldom warmer than 80 degrees during the day in Oaxaca—and at night it often goes down to 55 degrees—you can't stay in the town long without developing a taste for the local specialty in drinks: "elefante," made of equal parts of vermouth and cognac and, of course, a twist of lime for seasoning.

The Emerald City offers many temptations to the adventurous palate. At the sidewalk cafe of Moctezuma there are tacos, corn biscuits that have been given a bath in bean sauce, onions and cheese. Hot tacos and iced beer are the most popular local snacks.

Then there's a soup called caldo Oaxaqueño, brewed out of lamb, beef and large pieces of pork cooked



Water Color.

By Salvador Conde.

into a broth which also contains onions and chayote, a vegetable similar to squash. There is avocado soup; there are quesodillas, tiny tortillas with cheese cooked in them; and crepas, which are Oaxacan "blini," served with sour cream.

The sighseeing attractions of Oaxaca are a curious counterpoint of religious and pagan edifices.

A rose-colored panel in striking relief sets off the green stone facade of the Cathedral of Oaxaca as you enter it. Inside vernal shadows dwell among slender columns. Here are reliefs of saints brought by the Archbishop Gillow from Europe. All is serenity and peace inside.

In striking contrast is the brilliant gold and plaster decoration of the magnificent Santo Domingo Cathedral, baroque and massive. Nearby stands another ornate building—the Church of La Soledad, with its interior of treasures, its delicate carving of the Virgin of La Soledad, Oaxaca State's patron saint, all of wood, and the church's cherished possession. The elaborately sculptured doorway of this church and the riches within make it difficult to believe that Fernando Mendez, when he started building the edifice in 1685, undertook the project with a total construction fund of two and one-half pesos. He succeeded, as this magnificent church testifies, in raising funds enough to complete it.

To see the gorgeous heirlooms of Zapotec civilization you need not venture out of town at all—although it would seem difficult to resist an excursion to the archaic city of Monte Alban, which has just begun to yield its secrets under the persistent shoveling of excavators, or to Mitla, the "Sacred City of the Dead," 26 miles from town by bus taxi. But right in town is the Regional Museum—once a famous school for girls. The museum contains many reliefs of the Zapotec as well as the Mixtec cultures.

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STREET IN TAXCO. Water Color.

By Martin Kauffman.

Martin Kauffman

By Guillermo Rivas

ALTHOUGH Mexico, for quite a number of years, has attracted to its pictorial midst innumerable painters from North of the Rio Grande only a counted few among them have achieved from the Mexican theme work of distinction. The reason for it is obvious. If we assume that distinction in art mainly depends upon the artist's ability to transmit to the spectator that innate essential quality which is called creative insight, such distinction is much more difficult to achieve by a painter who is working in an alien midst. It is seldom indeed that a foreign artist on a brief tour through Mexico can reach below the surface contours of the sights he beholds, to see, to feel and comprehend its people or its landscape, or to reveal a creative insight in his interpretation of a world which he is unable to approach upon personal and intimate terms. It is necessary for a foreign painter to, so to speak, almost "go native" before he can achieve this insight.

Viewing the exhibition of paintings by the Philadelphia-born artist Martin Kauffman, held not long ago at the Galeria Arte Moderno, was a highly unusual and deeply gratifying experience, for it presented a rare case of a foreigner who is aesthetically completely at home in the Mexican midst. By this I do not mean to imply that he has become assimilated in the native artistic milieu or that he has been absorbed by the contemporary Mexican school. There is, to be sure, no trace of modern native influence in his manner. His technique and his style are personal, and so is his perspective of Mexico. And yet this personal utterance bears a profoundly truthful image of this land.

I could readily see that Kauffman is an artist with a definite viewpoint, and though, of course, his art speaks for itself, I sought to analyze this viewpoint with his help. I was curious to understand how an artist can come so close to Mexico and still remain creatively alone. And this, more or less, is what he told me: "Today, in order to identify a painter, we must take a look at the world at large. For some time now the prevalent tendency in the world of art has

been toward mental calisthenics, that is to say, art has been essentially intellectual rather than emotional. However, quite a few painters are in agreement that mental gymnastics is necessary, but only as a means of exploration and not as an end in itself. For the basic purpose of painting has always been the same, and that is to translate an emotion to the canvas and for the canvas to evoke an emotion within the spectator. The current tendency to completely shun the traditional and so seek something entirely new has led the painter from an emotional to a purely intellectual expression.

"From the days of the first French insurgents the aim has been to depart from academic traditions by reducing painting to its elemental forms, to achieve a new dimension by way of experiment and exploration. This, by way of impressionism, pointilism and cubism, brought us to the final phases of non-objective or abstract forms.

"Since all art has always been modern, insofar as it voices contemporary life and its ethos, the recent non-objective or abstract trend actually echoes the social, political and international conditions prevalent in the present-day world. That is to say, since in its essence the trend of the present era defines destruction, with its greatest technical discoveries tending toward that aim, art has directly reflected this era in following a similar aim. And yet among the earnest artists there is an awakening, a spirit to cry out against this trend of chaos and self-destruction, a manifest will to create rather than demolish.

"I venture to say that the whole present era will be known in the future as one of experimentation, and not of definitive painting. I do not hazard to predict as to what might ultimately come out of this era, but it seems obvious to me that some positive expression must finally emerge from it. The future of art, as I see it, depends upon the artist's ability to evolve a communicative personal expression from the lessons taught us by the experimental period. And this, I believe, is what I have been trying to do.

"Painting in water color, I seek to utilize the re-

TROPICS. Water Color.
By Martin Kauffman.



AT THE EDGE OF
THE PUEBLO. Caseine.
By Martin Kauffman.



DEAD CITY. Caseine.
By Martin Kauffman.



MORNING IN A PUEBLO. Water Color.

By Martin Kauffman.

DELFRY. Water Color.

By Martin Kauffman.



PORTAL. Casine.

By Martin Kauffman.

sults of my own exploration. There is, for instance, a traditional concept that water color must be transparent. I am not in accord with that tradition. I feel that this concept can be compared to the classic interpretation of music, which allows no dissonance. In my water colors I do not pursue direct transparency. I achieve emphasis on transparency where I think it is necessary by making the preceding or following note opaque.

"One of the most frequent questions people ask a painter in water color is, 'How long did it take to paint?' I always feel that a precise answer to this question is, in my case, incomplete. Water color is a fast medium. It has to be handled rapidly in order to obtain the best results. It is also a temperamental, or one might even say, jealous medium. One must be intimately attuned to water color and work with it constantly so as to achieve any kind of command over it. Ordinarily it should take anywhere from forty minutes to two hours to paint a water color, depending on the size and the subject. You might, under certain circumstances, paint five water colors in a row, and there

are times when you might spend a whole month without painting one that's worth while.

"I am inclined to regard as a compliment of the highest order the fact that outstanding Mexican painters have found my work to their liking and have expressed a surprise in finding an American painter whose efforts reveal a real image of Mexico and a sound understanding and feeling of it. For I might mention that during the fifteen years of my residence in this country I have abstained from exhibiting either here or in the United States because I felt that in order to paint Mexico I first had to assimilate a degree of its culture and obtain an intimate comprehension of its people, its traditions and concepts.

"Therefore, my usual answer to the above quoted question has been: 'It has taken fifteen years.'"

Un Poco de Todo

EARLY ADRIATIC QUESTIONS

THE long arm of the Mediterranean known as the Adriatic Sea got a bad name early in history for its storms and its pirates. Phocaean Greeks first explored it and as early as 600 B. C. are believed to have reached its northern extremity at the peninsula which they called Istria, because they fancied that it was somehow related to the Danube, the Greek Ister. The Greeks made early settlements along the eastern shore at Appolonia and Epidamnus and at Adria and Spina on the Po estuary for trade with the Etruscans. Down the Adriatic from Istria came precious amber from the Baltic and tin from Bohemia—among the earliest examples of international trade in Western Europe.

* * *

The Romans, whose backs were turned to the Adriatic, went in there in force, as soon as they were free from the first war with Carthage, to suppress the pirates who found the shores of modern Dalmatia ideal bases for their operations. Roman fleets continued to police the sea during the ages of Roman supremacy but Roman maritime interests lay elsewhere. The short sail across the strait at the southern end of the sea from Brundisium was the natural escape route for anyone needing to get out of Italy in a hurry. This way Pompey led his army to escape from Caesar, and later the conspirators fleeing from the wrath of Caesar's avengers. This way Cicero went into the exile he never ceased to lament in his letters. And this way passed in both directions the flow of Greeks and Romans who were weaving the web of Graeco-Roman civilization.

* * *

Roman sailors, long after they had helped to conquer the world, continued to fear the Adriatic Sea and Roman poets reflect that fear. Horace was thinking of the Adriatic when he wrote the lines beginning:

*Ille robor et aes triplex
circa pectus erat—*

"Oak and triple bronze were about the breast of the man who first trusted his frail bark to the angry sea, and who feared not the furious southwest wind battling with the blasts of the north, nor the gloomy Hyades, nor the rage of Notus, the south wind, than whom there is no mightier master of the Adriatic." And in another ode Lydia taxes the poet with being "less stable than a cork and stormier than the wanton Adriatic."

* * *

By a strange reversal of fortune the sea which the Roman neglected became the most important sea of the Old World almost as soon as the Roman Empire in the West collapsed. This was the work of the Republic of Venice, which first built a fleet to control the later generation of pirates, then to found an empire and to capture all the most important trade between Western Europe and the Middle East. While Europe was engaged in its endless feudal wars, Venice grew rich on trade and became "the eldest child of liberty," as the poet Wordsworth said.

*Once did she hold the gorgeous
East in fee,
And was the safeguard of
the West.*

Venice every year, beginning in the twelfth century, was wed to the sea in a lavish pageant.

*And when she took unto herself a mate,
She must espouse the everlasting sea.*

The "everlasting sea" in this case was the Adriatic.

* * *

In the present phase of the perennial "Adriatic Question" America is directly interested as one of the guardians of the peace of Europe. Indirectly, America is responsible for the fall of the Adriatic from first place to a minor role in world affairs. For it was the discovery of the New World and new sea routes in the Old World which turned trade and wealth away from Venice and led to her gradual decline. Trieste, while attached to Austria, captured most of the Adriatic trade. (Some of that has been won back by Venice since Trieste has been cut off from its hinterland.) Venice lives on her memories and the tourist trade. In her great days the sea-borne visitor arriving in Venice, a modern traveler has said, must have felt the awe that is now felt by a visitor to America coming by sea who looks for the first time on the towers of Manhattan.

MACHINE HEARTS

Surgical history was made not long ago in Philadelphia when, with the aid of a machine devised by Dr. John H. Gibbon Jr., a pioneer in such matters, an 8-year-old girl had a hole closed in the wall that separated the right from the left chamber of her heart. For twenty-six minutes Dr. Gibbon's machine served both as a heart and as a lung. That is, acted as a pump to force blood through the circulatory system, bypassing the heart in the process, and a lung to oxygenate venous blood.

Operating on the heart is ordinarily a bloody business. The surgeon must grope and rely on some mysterious power of divination born of his knowledge of anatomy and physiology and his experience. In the case of the 18-year-old girl in question the heart was virtually dry, so that the operating surgeon could see what he was doing. When a machine like Dr. Gibbon's is not available the surgeon must work fast. If no oxygen reaches the brain for fifteen minutes—and the brain depends on blood for its oxygen—the patient who survives an operation on his heart is likely to wake up an imbecile. With the machine anesthetized animals have lain on an operating table for two hours with their hearts exposed. A few days later they were as lively and well as ever.

Heart-lung machines have been used before this in attempts to save life, but, so far as the record shows, the girl in the Philadelphia case was the first in which both heart and lungs were cut off. The accomplishment indicates what we may expect in the future. Though Dr. Gibbon made it plain that his machine will be used chiefly to correct congenital defects of the heart, the prospect is good that purely medical cases may be dealt with successfully. In nearly all heart disorders the physician insists on a long rest. But how can the heart rest? It must beat for a lifetime, and not miss too many beat in any short interval. There is no reason why a machine like Dr. Gibbon's should not be coupled to the circulatory system to do the work of either the heart or the lungs or of both while a patient lies in bed and gives his heart a real rest.

'ROCKOONS' REACH HEIGHT OF 64 MILES

Physicists of the State University of Iowa have returned from East Canadian and Greenland waters, where for the second successive summer they have sent

Continued on page 66

Literary Appraisals

MY HEART LIES SOUTH: The Story of My Mexican Marriage. By Elizabeth Borton de Treviño. Illustrated. 248 pp. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company.

SOME of the abiding truths of life in provincial Mexico, which have exasperated and baffled countless foreigners, have been set down in a charming little book by Elizabeth Borton de Treviño, an American who learned that only in acceptance of these truths can one live with them. The author, a Californian, was a newspaper writer. She married a Mexican who had been assigned to escort her during her trip to his country. And this is the story of the marriage; of the in-laws, the children, the rigid background of social tradition into which the bride had to merge.

That the gringa succeeded in the transition—"You will never return entirely to the twentieth century again," her own understanding father told her—is a tribute to both sides of the family. The newcomer to Monterrey was blessed not only with an all-embracing love for her husband but with intelligence, patience and a rescuing sense of humor. Her mate's people—Papacito and Mamacita and Adela and Tía Rosa and dozens of others—once having decided that "Eleesa-bet" would do, matched these qualities in her.

It was Mamacita who "decided that I was to come to Monterrey, marry Luis" before the young man himself had realized what was happening to him. It was Mamacita who symbolically welcomed her daughter-in-law with the jet cross of Dolores, which had been her own great-grandmother's. And it was the wise, sure, matriarchal Mamacita who directly and indirectly eased Eleesa-bet over a timeless route that could only be followed one way.

Thus the American learned that the greatest mistake a Mexican wife can make is to appear independent; that her pregnancy is a matter of communal interest and approval from the first day; that age is respected more than money and that a show of feigned wifely helplessness, to the point of complete abjection, is the only possible means for coping with the incredible bureaucracy of the Mexican post office.

She learned the wonderful and simple and inalterable qualities of the Mexican maids—those qualities which have brought some American wives in Mexico to the verge of collapse. There was the case of the servant, Hilaria. She found an advance briefing on an American innovation or two at a dinner party so unnerving that when the hostess rang for her, and a child mistook it for the traditional garbage man's bell and yelled *basura*, *basura*, the girl "dropped everything in the kitchen, rushed out to the back patio and dashed past the dining room with a garbage pail on each shoulder."

* * *

Señora de Treviño tells her story with professional detachment. Her account of the ritualistic pattern of courtship in Monterrey is beautifully done; and she artfully includes one chapter on the history of the city which does much to explain its character in the most palatable way.

In many respects her achievement recalls that minor classic of generation ago, "Viva Mexico!" in which C. M. Flandrau caught up so much of the Mexican character in its relation to the foreigner. Into a short and appealing work, she has woven something of the somber tragedy, the constant beauty, the pathos, the humor and the transcendent faith of Mexican life. "Slowly, but for always," she concludes, "I learned

the great lesson—that in acceptance there is a special happiness."

V. L. W.

LA FIESTA BRAVA. By Barnaby Conrad. Illustrated. 184 pp. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

WHEN Barnaby Conrad talks about bull-fighting, he talks as a bull-fighter. He has been one. During the war, while serving as a United States Consul in Spain, he studied the art under the toreros Sidney Franklin and Juan Belmonte, the idol of Spain, and later fought in thirty amateur corridas. In 1945 he appeared on the same program as Belmonte. Out of such a background came last year his best-selling novel, "Matador." Now he is back again with "La Fiesta Brava," a detailed interpretation of the corrida de toros, the running of the bulls, that unique and heavily symbolic spectacles of the Hispanic world.

Barnaby Conrad's book, the third of this sort to be published in the United States this year, does not differ greatly from its two predecessors. After all, the corrida is about as stylized as anything involving living beings can be. The book is perhaps not so brilliantly written as John Marks' "To the Bullfight." Its photographs, however, are exciting and extraordinary and the text is often simply a running commentary for them. What especially distinguishes "La Fiesta Brava" from others of its kind is the author's frequent quoting of some leading toreros.

Conrad runs an eye over the currently active toreros and finds Arruza and Dominguin—both about to retire—the best. Some would disagree with the reason he gives for the brilliant Procuna's sudden quixotic moments of cowardice. I prefer the explanation given me by a Mexican. "It is," he said, "that Procuna, as he works closer and closer to the bull with the muleta, goes into a kind of trance. He is brought out of it by the bull brushing against him or perhaps by a horn fraying the brocade on his traje. He says to himself: 'My God, is this me here?' throws down the muleta and sword and dives over the barrera." He also comes back from behind the barrera, as Conrad notes, and can be as good as Arruza.

The book's ratings of and theories on bull-fighters shed far less light on that gallant breed than do his quotations from the toreros themselves. Here are some of them:

Manolete (to an American girl who had accompanied friends to watch him invest in the traje before a corrida): "Excuse me, señorita, if I don't talk much, but I am very scared."

Pepe Luis Vasquez (Manolete's early rival, who almost lost an eye in the ring): "If it were my leg, it wouldn't be so bad, but every time I look in the mirror I see my destroyed face and I am afraid."

Belmonte: "To every Spaniard I was part of himself."

Manolete (his last words): "I can't see!"

H. .

THE SWORD AND THE SUN. By Gerald Green. 363 pp. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

IN Peru, after the conquest, Spaniard turned on Spaniard and waged a civil war whose conclusion found neither an Almagro nor a Pizarro at once alive and out of jail. Vaca de Castro, an able judge sent from Spain by the Crown, finally put an end to the strife and brought relative stability to New Cástile. It is the story of the

last battle of this war that Gerald Green tells in an impressive novel which achieves the excitement and action of the time with a minimum of fustian and historical disortion.

The story opens with the elder Almagro, ill and half blind, preparing to defend Cuzco against the invaders from Lima. At his side are many of the captains who rode with him during the Conquests, and his half-breed son, a boy of 16. The defeat at Las Salinas, the author attributes largely to the death drive of Almagro's marshal and captain of cavalry, Rodrigo Orgonez. Indeed, throughout, Mr. Green uses unobtrusively the explanations which modern psychology would offer for many of the actions of these men of the sixteenth century.

* * *

The elder Almagro is garroted by order of Alonso de Alvarado, whose life he spared after the victory at Albancay. But most of Almagro's captains and his son survive. Living in near-poverty in Lima, they form a conspiratorial group, aided by a young woman whose sexual frustration finds outlet in a talent for intrigue. To raise a rebellion various others are needed, principally a figurehead. Who better than Diégo, Almagro's bastard son?

The group is joined by another, composed of late-comers to the Indies. With the help of the newcomers they assassinate Pizarro and raise young Diégo to the governorship of Peru. At first the boy is little more than a puppet, but gradually asserts himself and believably assumes stature. But traits inherited from his father (gallantry, indecision, soft-heartedness at the wrong time) bring about his defeat at Chupas by Vaca de Castro and his inevitable death at 21.

It is an exciting story—and not less so because in its broad outline and much of its incident it is a true one. Mr. Green spares few of his characters, aware that none achieves the stature of Cortez and that in the cold light of history most are scarcely more than bandits. He does take some curious liberties with character. Vaca de Castro, for example, besides being a judge and governor, was also in Spain a priest high in the Inquisition. Mr. Green ignores this, perhaps because the complication of character is more than he cared to handle in a book whose pace is as headlong as the cavalry which decide its battles. H. S.

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THE CATALANS. By Patrick O' Brian. 250 pp. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co.

SET against the tight, special world of Catalan family and village life in northeastern Spain, this novel has a central theme unconfined either by custom or place. Its theme poses the question: Can an emotionally blocked person open himself, by will-power alone, to the streams of emotional experience which swirl and eddy around the rest of humanity?

Xavier Roig is the "cold fish" of Patrick O'Brian's new book. In his late forties, Xavier is top dog of an old Catalan clan which has its roots in the sturdy peasant stock of the township nestled midway between the mountains and the sea. Xavier is Mayor, chief lawyer and general arbiter of his village. Though he belongs more to the Parisian world wherein he might have lived as Deputy from his area, he has chosen with characteristic cool sanity to remain important—and useful—in the society in which he was born.

Xavier's decisions are all characterized by this same cool sanity. Thus the news that reaches Xavier's cousin, Alain, in far-off China is all the more shocking: the family pillar has gone "daft" over the daughter of a local grocer. And far from choosing to live in sin with her—a quite acceptable solution, the family implies in its letters to Alain, for she is a decent sort—Xavier intends to marry her. This latter prospect is altogether another basket of grapes, affecting as it does the family inheritance.

* * *

Alain, due home for a leave from his assignment as a tropical bacteriologist, speeds up his departure to be in at the ringside. It is he, as narrator, who reports the crisis for us and, through his eyes, the reader wit-

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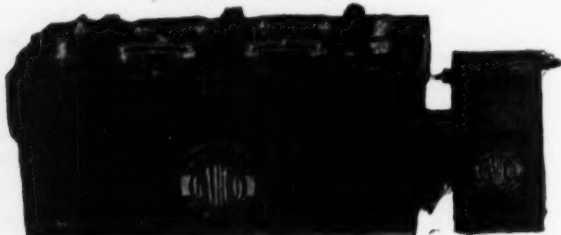
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nesses Xavier's inner turmoil. We see in truth that it is from a lack of capacity for emotion that the widowed Xavier is led to consider such an unorthodox step.

Mr. O'Brian's theme has evident validity and his treatment of it is skillful, at times moving, always amusing and urbane. The trouble is that one is too aware of "construction" in the book. There is, also, too much conscious display of style: in order not to risk losing the reader during an essential monologue, Mr. O'Brian gives it to us in conversation, straight narrative and finally in playscript fashion. At another point he drops Alain as narrator altogether and resorts to free verse. These variety acts are distracting rather than effective.

The charm of "The Catalans" lies essentially in Patrick O'Brian's familiarity with the folkways of the Catalan people. Particularly lovely is the passage on the grape harvest.

F. K

TIGRERO By Sasha Siemel. Illustrated. 266 pp New York
Prentice-Hall.

THERE is almost certainly no other white man alive who could have written this book, since no other white man has lived so unique a life. Sasha Siemel is the original "wild Russian" who strode through the pages of Julian Duguid's "Green Hell" some twenty years ago. Actually he wasn't a Russian but a Latvian, blond and bearded, and he was wild only in the sense that he had lived much of his life in the South American jungles. He flabbergasted dapper young Duguid with his ability to kill tigers with a spear.

This reviewer, who has had some contact with big bad cats himself, was properly skeptical about these claims until he happened to witness a Siemel performance on film. Armed only with a long, metal-tipped zagaya, or spear, held low before him, the hunter faced the tigre, waited coolly for the charge, then let the animal impale itself on the blade.

Sounds simple, doesn't it? But the tigre is a flash of coiled lightning nine or ten feet in length, and weighing up to 500 pounds. These cats like to skulk in the tall undergrowth where they cannot be shot, or wait for their prey in trees and they

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often kill for the sheer lust of killing. With a single slash of their claws they can open a man from head to foot. Shooting a lion in the African bush is child's play by comparison. Siemel has killed 300 of these jaguars, thirty of them with his spear, and at least one with bow and arrow.

From all this it will be clear that Sasha Siemel is not to be confused with the lavishly equipped amateurs who come back from the Amazon country with shrunk heads and inflated egos. Nor will you find in his book pith-helmeted hunters traveling in comfortable safaris with battalions of porters. Siemel is an authentic white hunter who spent thirty years in the swamps and forests of the Matto Grosso, that forbidding plateau that spills over from Brazil into Bolivia.

It is treacherous country, traversed only by Indian hunters and an occasional hardy gringo. Even the gauchos rarely venture into its interior. Siemel has some wonderfully evocative passages on this "vast and terrifying morass" of jungle-swamp. "The land is half submerged in the wet season," he writes, "much of the surface covered with hidden pools and filled with a rank growth of plant life that has been boiling and steaming under the baking heat of the equatorial sun for millions of years." Many of these trees exist by a process of symbiosis, living and feeding on each other.

Not all of Siemel's story has to do with tigers. He and his brother, Ernst, journeyed up and down the river country, repairing ranchers' guns and seeking excitement wherever they could find it. Both were hunted at one time for so-called "crimes of honor." Ernst was fatally ambushed by his enemy, but Sasha sent his adversary into the river, where the piranhas, voracious South American fresh water fish, tore him

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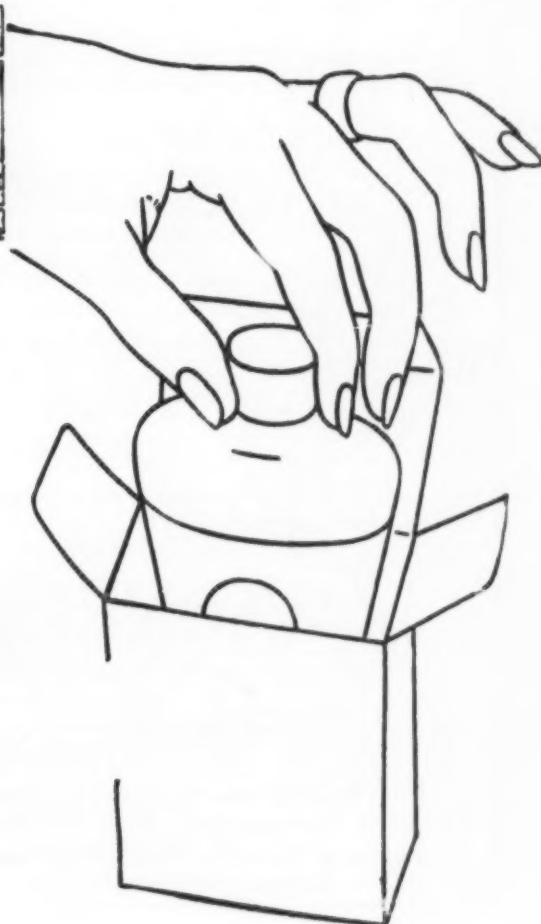
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to pieces in a few minutes. All these exploits, recounted with professional skill and suspense, may deceive you into thinking you are reading a novel of adventure. But "Tigrero!" is no novel: its photographs lend credence to its adventures.

At the heart of the book, however, stands Siemel, spear in hand and beard outthrust, facing "the emperor of the jungle." This is elemental conflict, man against beast, on the most primitive terms. Several times the tigre almost won. No one can read Siemel's account of his hair-raising battle with Assassino, the devil tigre of the Pantanal do Xarayes, without marveling at his sheer animal courage. One had come to think that this mechanized century no longer bred such men.

* * *

Sooner or later, of course, the law of averages would have caught up with him, and in these contests one mistake is enough. So Siemel wisely quit while he was ahead and married an American girl who had come down to Brazil to hunt. Today, still keen of eye and steady of limb, he has taken the time to write down the story of those incredible years in the jungle. For this, all admirers of old-fashioned courage must be grateful. "Tigrero!" is that one-in-a-hundred story of adventure that really sets your pulses racing. Best of all, it really happened.

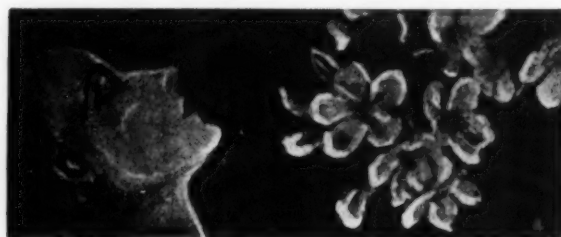
J B

ALICIA. By Florence Crannell Means. Illustrated by William Barrs. 266 pp Boston. Houghton Mifflin Company.

It was not only love of travel that prompted Alicia Baca to spend her junior year at the University of Mexico. Born of Mexican parents, brought up in Colorado, Alicia had developed a deep feeling of inferiority about her heritage. A year amid the culture and sophistication of Mexico City would help restore her pride in her background, Alicia thought.

It did that, and more. During her free time she explored ancient pyramids, worked at a Friends' Youth Camp, met several young Mexicans of the aristocracy. It was, however, her contacts with the less-privileged citizens of Mexico and with her co-workers at the youth camp that opened Alicia's eyes to her own prejudices and immaturity. The inner conflicts of the younger members of the minority groups in the United States are well-exemplified in Alicia. This is a theme of increasing importance to young people presented here with light moments and romance to balance the real seriousness of purpose.

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Current Attractions

BALLET

By Vane C. Dalton

THE seventh annual ballet season by the Mexican Dance Academy of the National Institute of Fine Arts opened auspiciously last month at the Palacio de Bellas Artes. Comprising five programs, a total of twenty-two works and nineteen première presentations, this season promises to be a highly significant milepost in the local progress of the modern dance.

The initial program, performed before a large and responsive audience, consisted of the following four widely distinct works: "Polyphony," with music by Johann Sebastian Bach and choreography by Bodyl Genkel and Helena Jordan; "La Anunciación," with music by Carlos Jiménez Marabak and choreography by Rosa Reina; "Zapata," with music by José Pablo Moncayo and choreography by Guillermo Arriaga, and "Uirapuru," with music by Hector Villalobos and choreography by Raquel Gutierrez.

The first ballet, "Polyphony," setting a quite difficult test on the performers, also provided a test for the audience, which, nevertheless, received it with well-justified applause. The excellent technical quality of the dancers was largely responsible for this approval. To be sure, while on the whole this ballet reveals a sound structure, there are parts in its choreography which seem removed in spirit from the musical score, and this tends to lend the work a cold intellectual touch.

The first of the marked contrasts which characterized the program was defined by "La Anunciación."

Unlike the sequence of "Polyphony," which despite its minor defects, has a basic unity and a dynamic flow, this composition in its entire substance—its music, its decor and stage set—was so faultily integrated that it turned out empty and tedious. The freedom of movement, which is the basic force in the modern dance, seemed almost deliberately hampered in this composition, reducing itself to a kind of stilted neo-academism.

It was Guillermo Arriaga's "Zapata" that after a somewhat restive intermission lent veritable brilliance to the opening program. Simple in theme and extremely austere in decor, choregraphically "Zapata" is a ballet of vast significance and scope. Without exaggerated pantomime, without dramatic overplay, "Zapata" is a work of simple plastic beauty. It is a work wherein the theme does not impose itself over art, and yet it is always objectively palpable. Its expression is complete and unified, powerfully emotive, intensely dramatic, and yet the story unwinds itself in a beautiful plastic fluidity wherein rhythm, music and decor all fuse in the function of the dance.

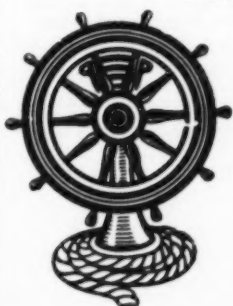
One of the great merits of this ballet is its direct eloquence, its immediate impact. From its very first moments it arouses the audience and preserves it tense and fascinated by its stark, almost brutal power. It develops its simple narrative with sustained continuity. Without allusions, or even portrayals, it clearly expresses its idea.

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It has only two characters—Mother Earth and Zapata—personified by Rocio Sagaón and by its author Guillermo Arriaga. There was no need here to employ such realistic minutiae as big mustaches, wide sombreros, rifles, cannon, peons or generals. But all these elements are there. Battles are staged, injustice is fought; the galloping legions are there, and there is exultant joy and bitter anguish. All this is brought out by the pliant arms and legs and articulate bodies of the two excellent performers. The spirit of the great peasant leader in his strife for land and liberty is personified with glowing clarity. One feels his presence, one shares his triumph and tragedy during the brief enchanting minutes of this dance.

Guillermo Arriaga, one of the most able and gifted exponents of the modern Mexican dance, has demonstrated in his splendid ballet the extent of expressive force which may be attained through utmost simplicity, if the terms employed are those of veritable art.

The stage-set by Luis Covarrubias, projecting mountains fading away in the horizon, and the music "Tierra de Temporal," by José Pablo Moncayo, ideally complemented Arriaga's truly remarkable achievement.

"Urapuro," the final offering in the program, is an interesting fantasy, elaborated vivaciously and in harmony with the score by Villalobos. Raquel Gutierrez, its author, performed its leading role of the mysterious bird with grace and fine expressiveness; Farnasio Bernal interpreted with marked ability the spirit of the jungle, while John Sakmari ably personified the hunter. The secondary roles of natives and warriors were competently enacted by various outstanding pupils of the Dance Academy. The ballet's air of fantasy was convincingly reinforced by the quite appropriate stage-set designed by Antonio Lopez Mancera.

The essential defect of this ballet, however, lies in the fact that it lacks a focal point of attraction. The spectator's attention is diverted by a simultaneous performance of two or more equally dramatic figures, which instead of creating a unified scene seem to obtrude on each other. There is, for instance, the dance of the bird presented as a central motif, whose effectiveness is largely spoiled by the unduly conspicuous turns of the warriors on both sides of the stage.



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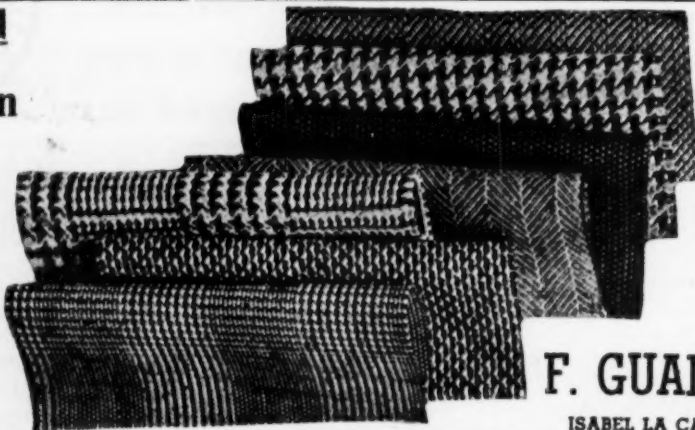
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The second program, though lacking such imposing number as "Zapata," being more even in quality, was on the whole more successful than the first. Consisting of "Dances on Preludes by Debussy," with choreography by Angel Salas; "El Extraño," with music by Angel Salas and choreography by Helena Jordan, and "Sones Jarochos" and "El Sueño y la Presencia," with music by Blas Galindo, this program was much better balanced than the foregone.

"El Extraño," a supernatural fantasy, was undoubtedly the most significant feature on the program. Its fanciful theme, based on an apparition of an angel, is developed with a fine measure of poetic charm. While the story is vague, the movement is sufficiently expressive to make it clearly understandable. The choreography, moreover, faithfully follows the music. The personalization of the angel achieves an ethereal quality. It defines a spiritual symbol. In all "El Extraño" is a work of considerable merit. It evinces throughout the author's aim to avoid the stereotyped and outworn, to pursue freshness and originality without violating the basic forms of sound construction; and he has come very near to achieving this aim.

This, unfortunately, cannot be said of "El Sueño y la Presencia." Here, instead of inventiveness, we find a great deal of trite and imitative stuff, with the probable sole exception of the beautifully expressed final episode of death.

The most distinguished performance in this program was achieved by Nellie Happee, who appeared in Debussy's Preludes, personified the angel in "El Extraño" and of the child in "El Sueño y la Presencia."

The Mexican Dance Academy, which up to a year ago was directed by the painter Miguel Covarrubias, is thus quite successfully passing its initial test under the helm of its present resourceful and versatile director, Angel Salas.



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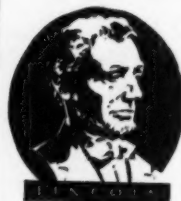
THE Exposition of Mexican Art at the Palacio de Bellas Artes, covering all its periods and aspects, formally inaugurated last month by President Ruiz Cortines, is undoubtedly the most important event of its kind in our art annals. Filling all the available space in the appropriately reconditioned Palacio, this exposition, comprehensive and representative, attains the proportions of a veritable museum and serves to justify the name of this ornate edifice. Housing this splendid collection, it has indeed become a palace of fine arts.

It would be impossible to fully appreciate the vast scope of this projection in a single inspection. The earnest spectator, the one who really desires to acquire a substantial knowledge of Mexico's highly significant achievement in the realm of art, should view it a number of times, should proceed from section to section and follow the evolution of native art step by step, from the earliest sources to the present day.

No visitor in Mexico City can afford to omit this monumental show, not any more than a visitor in Paris can omit the Louvre.

FOLLOWING the highly successful exposition of paintings in water color and caseine by Martin Kauffman, which is amply reviewed in another section of this magazine, the Galería Arte Moderno (Calle de Roma No. 21) is currently presenting a collection of paintings in oil and tempera, as well as a number of pastel drawings, by the highly capable young local artist Xavier Lavalle.

THE new Galería Havre (Calle de Havre No. 10) initiated its activities with a quite impressive show of paintings and drawings by the Spanish artist Arturo Souto. A sensitive colorist and an excellent drafts-



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man, Souto, preserving a classical Spanish manner, explores in his newer work folk-themes of Mexico. His depictions of native types—market venders, horse-men, Indian women—painted in bold chiaroscuros, are the more outstanding of the assembled works.

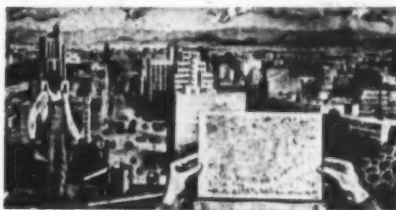
SALA VELAZQUEZ (Avenida Independencia No. 68) is currently offering an unusually interesting group of landscapes in oil by the gifted painter Delauney. Particularly effective in this show are his fine depictions of the countryside at Valle de Bravo.

A collection of painting in oil by the distinguished Mexican artist Jesús Guerrero Galván comprises this month's exhibit at the Casa del Arquitecto (Avenida Veracruz No. 24). This, as one would expect, is an excellent show. The collection includes various beautifully painted female portraits, some highly imaginative studies, and a large portable mural, titled "La Tierra."

A VOLUMINOUS collective exhibit of paintings and sculpture by various local artists is being offered at this time by the Galeria Romano (José María Marroquí No. 5). Especially noteworthy in this highly varied show are the excellent water colors by Pastor Velazquez, the portraits by Ghedini Arrigo, and the sculptures by Ignacio Asunsolo.

GALERIA de Arte Mexicano (Calle de Milán No. 18) is presenting at this time twenty and some odd paintings in oil by Felipe Orlando. Ranging in theme from still life to genre compositions, Orlando's paintings evince good craftsmanship and considerable freshness.

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LANDSCAPES of Mexico in oil by Jorge Vazquez Luna were shown last month at the Circulo de Bellas Artes (Calle de Niza No. 43). Forceful in design and luminous in color, these landscapes reveal a conspicuous progress in this able young painter's career.

FRANCISCO NEUMANN LARA, a young and self-taught Mexican painter, is being introduced to the public in a one-man exhibit at the José Clemente Orozco Gallery (Avenida Peralvillo No. 55). Consisting of vigorously brushed landscapes of the lava-bed region southwest of the city, the exhibition is fittingly titled, "Pedregal de San Angel."

Patterns of an Old City

Continued from page 16

He liked the place at first sight, and its strangeness caused him no misgivings. It was not difficult, with the former owner's indications, to step into his role, and to soon adjust himself to a comparatively simple routine. And though it was still rather hard to earn a profit on coffee he was quite content to carry on, to merely break even, in the hope that times might eventually improve. The routine was simple enough but it involved nevertheless a great deal of hard work, and some times it was broken by unforeseen hardships. One year, when the crop seemed especially abundant, a cloud of grass-hoppers descended over the plantation and stripped it clean in a single day, and there was the time when nearly half of the village was wiped out by an epidemic.

Growing coffee, he learned, was always a laborious and hazardous pursuit, and presently he encountered a new and on the whole quite agreeable way of increasing his earnings. He had grown fond of the elephants he kept on the place, and through a painstaking study of their behavior and peculiarities learned a great deal about their nature. It became a profitable hobby. Among other things, he found a way of training a cow elephant to serve as a kind of procurer. He would turn her loose in the bush, when she was ready for that sort of thing, and after a time she

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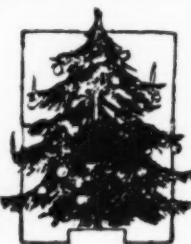


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would return with one or two bulls in tow who, with her aid, let themselves be shackled without much trouble. Soon he had on hand a reserve of elephant calves whom he trained with great care as they matured and finally disposed of among the other planters of the region.

After a few years Mauldsley almost entirely abandoned coffee and devoted his time to the breeding and training of elephants. He became the owner of the only farm of its kind in a quite extensive radius, and though he did not grow conspicuously rich he was widely known and generally respected among his neighbors for miles around. He had made a name and a place for himself; he had achieved a secure and pleasant existence. The outside world was remote; its strife and vicissitudes affected him slightly. There were navigable lanes winding through the brush, and he could always drive his lorry for a visit or a business transaction with some neighbor, or to the nearest large settlement to purchase supplies, to take in a picture show or have a few drinks in a bar. Every fortnight the mail brought in a batch of newspapers and magazines which kept him supplied with reading matter, and as to his more intimate problems, there was always a young native girl asleep on the floor of the kitchen, and it did not take him long to overcome the aversion for her dusky skin. His solitude was never a brunt and minor incidents helped to overcome monotony. There were nights when the elephants in the enclosure grew restive because a leopard was stalking nearby, and aroused from his sleep he would take his rifle and make a round of the place, or there were mornings when a friendly hippopotamus reappeared at the foot of the clearing to unconcernedly meander in the river. He came to know and to love the brush, for he had mastered it fully, and this mastery gave him a sense of strength and well-being. Life was kind and abundant; it left no time for regrets or for longings; it provided completion from day to day.

He never got the full details of her story at the beginning, nor in the subsequent years when it no longer really mattered. From her hazy accounts he gathered that she had been a show-girl, dancing in the chorus of a roving little troupe that worked its way about the Orient, hopping about from place to place as far as Shanghai and Calcutta, and that was homeward bound for England along an itinerary with stopovers at Cairo, Alexandria and other North African points. It was at Benghazi that she left the troupe because she had quarreled with someone and also because she had met some men there who were bound for Nairobi by plane to start off on a big-game hunt. It seems that for some reason they were willing to take her along. But almost at the outset of the safari, as they were trailing through the bush not far from his place, she met with an accident, a fractured shinbone, and since he was the only white man in the vicinity she was brought to his bungalow in an improvised stretcher and left in his care.

Suddenly, in a single day, his life underwent a total change. Its even rhythm was rudely disrupted. His peace, his solitude, his sense of self-sufficiency, were broken by this strange intrusion, by the arrival of this unbidden guest. He was profoundly dismayed by his predicament. From the first moment, as if sensing the implicit menace, the woman frightened and repelled him. He disliked her bleached yellow hair, her sallow skin thickly plastered with makeup, her inexpressive eyes; he resented her coarseness, her rank vulgarity; and yet as the days passed these antipathies were submerged in a perverse emotion; blind passion overcame his will.

He nursed her through her illness (he had acquired certain skills for occasions like that ministering the natives on his place, and knew how to set a broken bone and bind it with wooden splints in the absence of a plaster cast), and just as soon as she was able

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It was wonderful, she told him in her crude words, how a girl could find her happiness so far away from everything that she used to regard as important or indispensable. It was wonderful to find a man whose love made up for everything that might be wanting, a love that in itself was sufficient to make life beautiful and complete. But these avowals, he soon found out, were meaningless. They expressed a transient emotion, a surrender to an irrational impulse. After a few months her attitude began to change; the place commenced to pall; the primitive world became depressing and life unbearably tedious. She grew despondent, restless and irritable. Gradually, by act or word, she made him feel that he was wrong, that he lacked valour, that the life he had chosen was actually that of stagnation, that it was a cowardly rejection of life. His efforts to persuade her were in vain, for though she understood his words she could not understand their essential meaning; she could not grasp the underlying substance of his thoughts or feelings, she could not perceive his motives or aims—she indeed lived in a world apart.

He sought every way to overcome her resistance, through kindness, forbearance, affected indifference or even severity; but when finally, during his absence on a business trip, she ran away aboard a river boat, and frantically tracing her steps he followed her all the way to Niangara to fetch her back, he realized that it was useless. They had reached the point where he would have to make his choice. He disposed of his elephants before the year was up, sold the place at much less than it was worth, and by New Year's day they were in London.

He had no clear notion as to how he could begin a new life in this forbidding city, how he could achieve a success in a place where he was placeless, in a world wherefrom he fled in failure. But now there was the extreme incentive, the need to convince his wife, to convince himself, that he was not a coward or a welscher. He tried his best to fit into something, almost anything that would assure a modest livelihood; but it seemed even more difficult now than it had been before. After a series of misadventures at sundry jobs and callings, by the time he had almost completely exhausted his reserves, he finally went to work for a commission export agency where somehow he managed to hang on, and that was how they eventually landed in Mexico.

* * *

Here for a time the Mauldsleys seemed to get along quite well. Though he was hardly an accomplished salesman, there was an outlet for some of the products he sought to introduce, with a good promise of future expansion, and little by little he managed to establish connections with solvent distributors. They could afford a pleasant apartment and a servant; they had gathered a few friends in the colony; they were settled at last and enjoying a degree of stability.

There was no enduring stability, however, in the world at large; the menace of war loomed over Europe, and presently its effects were felt in Mexico. Mauldsley's business was gravely hampered by a fluctuating money exchange, by official restrictions and rising duties on imports, and was finally totally paralyzed by the suspension of exports from England. There was nothing to do but sit and wait for times to change and to make ends meet meanwhile on his modest pension.

And while Mauldsley bore these difficult times stoically, with serene resignation, his wife again became restless, cross and despondent. She bitterly resented their poverty—the need to move to a less expensive flat and to give up the servant; the need to forego a new dress or to stint on her cosmetics. She was fitful, cantankerous, unpredictable in her moods or actions. There were times when she spent whole days in bed, reading cheap magazines, claiming that she was

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not feeling well, compelling him to do the housework, or times when she hardly spoke to him for days, or when she robbed him of rest through the night with endless bickering. And there was the strange occasion when she went out to buy the day's provisions at the nearby market and spent most of the small amount he gave her on the purchase of a Chihuahueño dog. "A cute little blighter, isn't it?" she said. "I couldn't resist it. The feller pestered me all over the place. Gave him less than half he asked. Couldn't turn it down."

Remonstrations, he knew, were useless in a case like that, and besides the tiny creature, a female—seeming the more preposterous for she was heavy with pups—was undeniably odd and diverting. But that strange acquisition turned out to be a kind of parting gift. Without a warning, without any definite reason, his wife left him a few weeks later. In a clumsily worded postcard she mailed just before she boarded a freighter at Veraacruz she informed him that by pawning a few things she took out of the house she raised her fare, that she was returning to England because she was sure that she had had enough.

This time her flight was conclusive. There was no means of pursuit, no means of bringing her back. Once again a world he had created for himself fell into ruin. He was stunned and rendered utterly helpless, and utterly shorn of physical strength, for the lump of lead he bore perilously close to his heart grew excessively heavy in his emotional stress and hindered its beating.

It was during the days when he lay in bed morally and physically crushed that the tiny bitch had her pups; and this event—the squirming handful of mouselike creatures—, arousing him from his stupor, lifting him from the havoc, helping him to regain a little strength and animation, eventually turned out to be of vastly greater significance than he was able to comprehend at the time. It gave him a new concern; it filled a tiny margin of the great loneliness wherein he dwelled; it gave him something to do, something to worry about, and presently, through force of circumstance, provided the source of keeping him alive.

He made a practice of taking out the little dogs each day, one by one, for a necessary airing, carrying it tucked inside his shirt-bosom so that its tiny head peeked at the world from under the coat-lapel. On one such jaunt the little head aroused the attention of an American tourist, who engaged him in conversation and finally offered to buy the animal if he were willing to sell. Taken aback by this offer and purposely quoting a price that he knew was entirely too high, for he had no intention of making the sale, Mauldsley was astonished when the man acceded readily. Though he was loath to part with the dog, when he walked away with the money clasped in his hand he perceived that it had been actually a godsend, for he needed it badly. To be sure, for some time now, what with the war going on and with the British government banning all cash remittances abroad, he had experienced considerable difficulties in receiving his pension, and thus was virtually penniless.

Hence he made a custom of walking in the vicinity of tourist hotels, and at times even ventured inside their lobbies, managing through this procedure to make at least one sale a month, which sufficed to provide for his needs. With time, moreover, he was able to replenish his stock so as to maintain this nominal quota of sales, by producing more pups. And for the sake of greater convenience, as well as economy, he moved to smaller and cheaper quarters—a servant's room on the roof of an apartment building—where he enjoyed a fuller extent of privacy and was spared the risk of molesting his neighbors. He lived in that room surrounded by his dogs, mothering them with utmost devotion, cautiously preparing their food, teaching them decorous habits, getting up in the night to cure them when they were ailing, performing the task of a midwife when they were in labour. It was not a case of a man arranging a kennel inside his dwelling; it was more truly a case of a man dwelling in a kennel.

It may be said that the peak and the bottom reached by Colonel Mauldsley in his voyage through existence, in his journey through wilderness, could be symbolized by an elephant and a Chihuahua dog. And much as through his sojourn at the peak, his sojourn at the bottom also brought him the reward of peace and fulfillment. For the little room on the roof was yet another haven he had wrested from the wilderness.

No one in the apartment building had taken note of his absence during several days, for his unobtrusive presence on the roof was of slight concern to its tenants. He was regarded as a somewhat eccentric, quite inoffensive foreigner—"aquel inglés de los perritos"—, a rather shy kind of person who seemed staunchly bent on minding his own business. Thus it was not till a servant-maid, who went up on the roof to hang some clothes for drying, detected a rather unpleasant odor and reported it to the porter downstairs, who in turn went up on the roof and with his own nostrils corroborated the maid's report, that Mauldsley's absence aroused curiosity.

They found him, when a summoned policeman broke down the door, resting on his iron cot in a rather advanced state of decomposition, and all around him, on the cot and on the floor, converting the room into a tiny charnel-house, were the dogs, who—being denied by nature the capacity to bark, being only able to utter feeble whimpers—could not possibly call for help and died of starvation.

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Car Trouble at Cajon

Continued from page 26

That afternoon there was a considerable commotion in the corral, back of the home of Doña Isabella. Dust came up in clouds, and shouts and laughter were punctuated by the frantic bawling of an obviously frightened cow. I went over to see if they were having a branding or something. Half of the town had collected around the corral to watch the excitement, and I was informed that this was the milk cow they had brought in from the hills, and there would be a milking in due course of events, when the beast had been properly subdued.

Finally, the cowboys trussed the beast up with ropes from her neck and all four legs, and tied each to a different side of the corral. She could not move an inch. She reminded me of an overgrown fly, caught in a gigantic spider web. Then the calf was brought in, and one of the vaqueros gingerly approached with a bucket. The calf, held under control by two boys astraddle its back, was allowed to suck one teat while the cautious milker worked on the rest. It was the oddest exhibition I had ever seen, and I wished some of my dairymen friends, in the States, could have witnessed it. The milk, although not very plentiful, was rich and was a pleasant addition to my diet.

That night Doña Isabella produced a sort of pudding or custard, made from fresh milk, crushed green corn, and eggs. It was sweetened with the native brown sugar, called *panocha*; and flavored with extract, that consisted of cane alcohol, in which vanilla pods were soaked. It was one of the tastiest bits of hill-country cookery I have ever enjoyed.

The next day I spent most of my time drinking the cold "palo dulce" tea, and fishing in the arroyo. The fishing was not good, but it was nice to sit and gaze with half-closed eyes at my bobber, floating on the sun-dappled surface of the pool, and listen to the laughter and drumming of girls, bathing in the arroyo below, and to the chatter of countless birds in the cypress overhead. Since I had to wait, I couldn't have picked a plesanter spot. My catch totaled two small perch, which I gave to a little girl who had patiently watched my efforts for hours. The two tiny fellows wouldn't have been a starter, for Doña Isabella's family.

I returned in the afternoon to find that my hostess was making cheese. She had simply warmed the fresh milk over the stove, and added a few seeds from a plant belonging to the *solanum* family. Then she poured the thickening mass into a wooden trough, and by suppertime she had drained the whey from a really excellent white cheese, resembling the so-called Philadelphia cream cheese, on our markets. She explained that she never allowed the milk to turn sour, to make this sort of "quick cheese"; that the addition of the "cheese seeds" was enough to do the



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trick. That night she made a dish which she called "chilicalil." She cut tortillas into quarters and dropped them into a pan of hot lard, for a moment. This caused them to open up on the cut edges. Taking some of the white cheese and fine-chopped onion, she stuffed each quarter with this mixture and placed it on the table beside her. When the pieces were all stuffed, she placed them in leyers in a large kettle and covered each layer with a hot sauce, which was boiling on the stove. The hot sauce was composed of red chilies and tomatoes, with a little garlic, and a few oregano leaves. The dry red chilies had been steamed and pressed through a colander, to produce a deep red paste, to which peeled fresh tomatoes were added, and the whole mass was cooked over a very slow fire. When the kettle was full of stuffed tortillas, a layer of cheese and onions was placed on top, and a heavy lid was added. She scraped a hole in the ashes, and placed the heavy iron kettle in the middle, like a Dutch oven. When the mass had baked sufficiently to melt the cheese, it was ready to serve. The result was somewhat like a very good enchilada, but a little different.

The next day was spent fishing, and I had better luck. Some small boys brought me just the right sort of grubs, and I caught a nice mess of catfish. In fact, I had enough extra to give a fine fish to each of my three bait-gatherers. I was still drinking the "palo dulce" tea, and feeling better by the hour. It almost seemed a shame that my battery would arrive that night, and I would have no further excuse to stay.

The battery did arrive, just at sunset, while my hostess was busy preparing the catfish for supper. The burro-driver tied his beast to a post outside, and came in to report and to bring me my mail. We were sitting there, smoking and talking of the condition of the trail, when a terrible commotion, outside, brought us to our feet. The burro had decided that this was the end of his journey, and, if he was not going to be unloaded, he would take the matter into his own hands. He was bucking like a rodeo mustang. Parts were flying, this way and that, from the pack. Sud-

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denly, the whole thing came off over his head, battery and all, and before we could get to it, all the acid had run out to the ground. For a moment, I was almost speechless with anger. Then, someone in the crowd started to laugh, and I joined them. I thought they were laughing at my plight, but I soon found it was the strange conduct of the burro that was causing all the hilarity. A few drops of the acid had spattered on his hide and he had felt the burn, and tried to lick it off. Now he was a very unhappy burro, indeed; and it served him right.

All of a sudden, the burro-driver seemed to realize his predicament, and he broke forth in a volley of denunciations in which he managed to blame me for everything. If I had not offered him the cigarette, when he came in, he would have unloaded the battery, as he should have, and his poor beast would not have been burned, nor his leather bag damaged by my abominable battery acid. He demanded payment, at once, for the trip and the damage to his burro and harness, naming a sum wholly beyond reason. I saw that if I conceded, he would have me where he wanted me, and demand still more, so I flatly refused to pay him a cent until he had taken the battery back to Alamos, and returned again with it in working order. As for the burro, his skin would grow back. The crowd that had gathered was all for me in the matter, stating that this fellow knew better than to leave a load on this particular burro after it had reached home. This, they assured me, was his regular trick. The fellow still ranted, until Doña Isabella came out and started to shout. Finally, by sheer force of volume she forced him to listen. The things she called that man were something to hear. As her tirade progressed, it became more picturesquely expressive; and by the time she had finished, all of us, including the burro-driver, were spellbound with admiration. When she ran out of breath, she turned on her heel and strode back into the kitchen without so much as a glance over her shoulder. At last, I understood how this woman had been able to hold her own against men, and build up her present business. The burro-driver picked up the wrecked harness and led his now chastened jackass away, with never a word. The next morning when I had cooled off, I sent word over to him that if he would take the bat-

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tery back to Alamos and have it fixed again, I would pay him in full, for both trips and for reasonable damage to his saddle bag; but that the burro would have to grow new skin on his rump and tongue, with no heart balm from me. For the burro, I still had no sympathy.

I had three more days at the home of Doña Isabella in the village of Cajon de Sabino. They were three of the pleasantest days I ever spent. The rest and the palo dulce had made me feel so well that I took a short ride on one of her horses, every forenoon; and spent each afternoon by the lazy pool in the arroyo, fishing and dreaming in the cool shade I hated to leave.

The night before I left, the villagers gathered in front of the little store and serenaded with two guitars and a wheezy mouth organ. It was a touching farewell, and I shall never forget them as long as I live.

Leandro's Gold Mine

Continued from page 10

ways planned to return to this mine; but he had married instead, and in the short space of ten years he became the father of eight children. Such a dangerous mission for a man of his obligations was, of course, out of the question. But he was the only one in Mexico who possessed a map showing the location of this mine and to any young man with sufficient courage and cunning he offered to sell the map for the incredibly low sum of two hundred and fifty pesos. The map might be worth millions of pesos or nothing. It was a gamble, but an exciting gamble.

No one had ever taken Don Ignacio seriously except Leandro, and when Leandro arrived at his house in Iguala Don Ignacio had all but forgotten the map. He even had a difficult time finding it, and while he was searching he regarded Leandro with the utmost suspicion. Once he had retrieved the map, however, his attitude changed. He fondled it lovingly and smiled at Leandro.

"You are going alone?" Don Ignacio questioned.

"Si, Señor," replied Leandro. "I am going alone. I have, thought of nothing else for ten years, ever since I shined your boots in the plaza. I have worked out a plan. It is a good plan!"

"I hope so," Don Ignacio replied. "Here is the map. You take it as a present."

"But I am prepared to pay you your price, Señor."

"If you succeed you may pay me. Adios. Que-dase con Dios."



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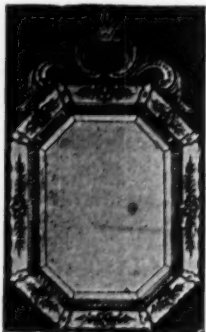
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Leandro stayed two days and two nights in Iguala. During the nights he studied Don Ignacio's map, and during the days he bought supplies and bickered with muleteers over the prices of their burros. Early on the third morning he left Iguala with four burros laden with supplies and headed eastward toward the rising sun. Never before had Leandro felt such exaltation. He was at last an explorer, and adventurer!

* * *

Three weeks later a very sick and subdued Leandro arrived at the village adjoining the gold mine. His journey had been anything but romantic. The hot, desolate country over which he traveled had taken its toll. It had blistered his feet and burned his skin, it had sent armies of giant red ants and ticks to torture him at night. It had spoiled his food and offered him only an occasional pool of stagnant water. Poor Leandro's constitution, which had never been too strong, gradually cracked under the strain. His head throbbed, his body ached, he suffered acute dysentery and fever. During the last week of his journey he had completely forgotten about the gold mine. His only desire was to find a room or any sheltered place where he could sleep and, if need be, die in peace. So the minute he arrived in the village he took a room, after quartering his burros, which were also much the worse for wear.

Leandro stayed in his room a whole week. He spent most of his time in bed sleeping and drinking Manzanilla tea and chicken broth. At the end of the week he slyly questioned the old Indian woman who had been attending him about the gold mine.

"You have come all the way here to see the gold mine, Señor?" asked the old woman.

Leandro affected indifference. That was part of his plan. He must shroud the visit in mystery.

"No, Señora," he replied. "I am just passing through your pueblo on my way to the coast. But like all Mexicans I have heard about a gold mine somewhere in this vicinity. It is supposed to be a very famous gold mine."

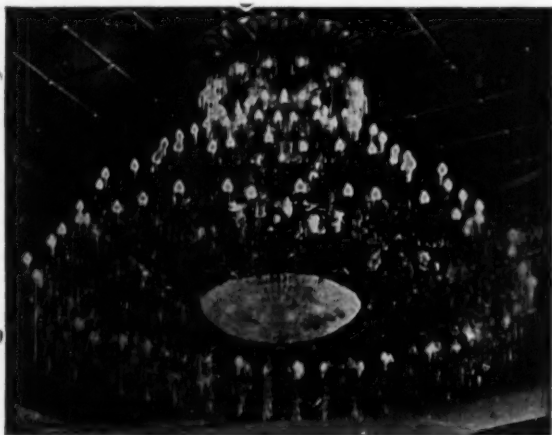
"There is a gold mine here, Señor," replied the old woman, "just outside the pueblo. Some say the

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Spaniards discovered it, and others say the Aztecs discovered it. I, myself, do not care. It is nothing but a big hole in the ground, and it is as sterile as an old castrated goat. I have never seen an ounce of gold come out of that mine, Señor, and I am an old woman, and I have lived in this village all my life."

That's just what she's been told to say, thought Leandro. Everything's working out just as I planned. He looked at the old woman and smiled. "I suppose many people from other parts in Mexico have seen the mine?"

"Señor, there were three men who came from Mexico City, but that was many years ago," said the old woman. "I do not remember exactly how many. They arrived here like you, very sick. They took a look at the mine, and then they left. I don't think they ever got back alive to their Tierra. They looked very sick when I saw them in the village."

Leandro recalled Don Ignacio's story and shuddered. Having made the trip himself he could well understand why the three men never returned. Nevertheless, it was more than likely that the old woman was lying, preparing a trap for him. He would soon find out. He decided to have a look at the mine that very afternoon.

In order not to cause any suspicion Leandro left the room quietly. He knew in what direction the mine was located and took a roundabout way of getting there, avoiding the more crowded streets. In a short time he arrived at the mine. The old woman had described it well. It was nothing but a big hole in ground. No doubt it had been a gold mine a long time ago, so long that it no longer mattered. Leandro sat beside the mine in silence. At first he was sullen and felt very sorry for himself and cursed Don Ignacio roundly. But the longer he sat there the more rational he became, and when he finally got up to return to the village he was smiling.

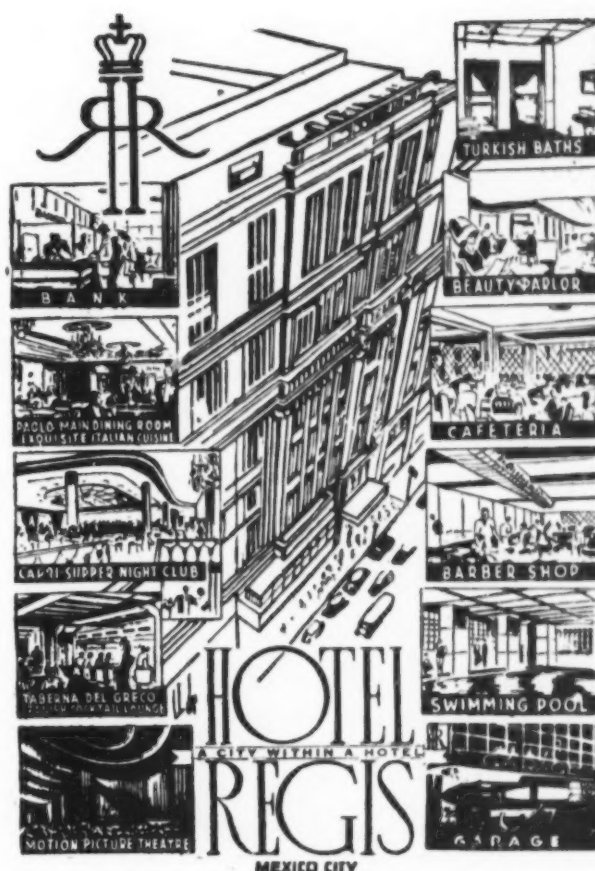
Leandro is clerking again in Don Porfirio's store and doing very well. He is on the best of terms with Don Porfirio. Frequently they get tight together and go down to Iguala in Don Porfirio's new Ford to visit the young wenches. Most everyone in the village agrees, however, that Leandro's feet are no longer on the ground.



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The Cult of the Female among the Tarascans

Continued from page 15

tion in style through several general types.

Many of the figurines are pierced in the upper chest with small holes, obviously so that they might be worn on a cord as a pendant. A number, both of the larger gingerbread type and of hollow ware, show replicas of such small figurines being worn in this manner. In spite of their tiny size—often less than two inches in length—the figurines are marvelously well modeled and show definite, even slightly exaggerated, female characteristics. Some investigators have advanced the speculation that figurines of this sort were worn by priestesses or devotees of Cuervahperi. Small ceramic or unfired clay figurines of comparable appearance are found in abundance in the Formative cultures of Mexico, in Guatemala, Nicaragua, Ecuador, Colombia and even as far afield as the cultures of the prehistoric southwestern United States, and they are practically duplicated in some phases of such prehistoric Mississippi Valley cultures as Georgia and Tennessee. The Tarascan examples, however, are in a class by themselves because of the enormous numbers and almost infinite variety in which they are found. They are also the finest in modeling and decoration and show more creative imagination than any others, with the possible exception of those from the Valley of Mexico—which, incidentally, may eventually prove to have developed the basic early culture of the entire central Mexican region.

* * *

The "madonna" figure is another interesting evidence of the cult of the female. Gingerbread or hollow-ware figurines of this class are found throughout the entire area of the pre-Hispanic Tarascan empire; Colima perhaps yields the finest specimens, although some prefer the more freely modeled Nayarit examples. These figures are usually seated and bear a child in their arms or on their laps. They ordinarily wear a skirt but have the torso bare. This was the normal costume of Tarascan women of the common people; noblewomen added a short cape or stole that covered the shoulders but not the breasts. These figurines vary in size from about five to twenty inches or more in height. This "madonna" type, also, is not confined to the Tarascan region but is found rather far afield, notably in Nicaragua and Costa Rica; however, except in the basic feature that all bear a child in the arms or on the lap, there is no particular resemblance to the Tarascan figures.

Such "madonna" figures are but a fractional part of the female figurines found in hollow ware. A number of them have the breasts decorated with designs in imitation of tattooing, a practice mentioned above in connection with the mammiform bowls. In distinc-

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tion to the ginger-bread figurines, which almost invariably wear a necklace and often bracelets, earrings and other ornaments, the "madonna" figures rarely wear much decoration, though a sort of painted decoration is often found in the Nayarit examples. As few of the Colima figures of any sort wear much ornament, the absence of it in the "madonna" figures is probably not significant.

Still another type of ceramic sculpture which should be mentioned is the group dancing about a central point. In the absence of a verbal description, these groups probably provide us with the best possible means of knowing something of the rites and ceremonies associated with female cultism among the Tarascan. The groups are usually set on a base which in size and shape resembles a dinner plate. The central position is occupied by a somewhat crudely represented bird-form, by a smaller group of female figures, by a single female figure or, rarely, by some other form or figure. The individual figures are ordinarily very distinctly of the Archaic or Formative gingerbread type. They are usually not more than four to six inches high and are often less well modeled than the majority of gingerbread figurines, though occasional examples are very subtly and sensitively done. Some groups are very elaborate, composed of a dozen or more figures, while others may contain only five or six. The style varies according to regions, from the Chupicuaro Formative type to groups showing the "trestle" foot, extremely large nose and ears, distorted head and other features generally associated with Nayarit figures. In spite of their often archaic appearance, these groups are probably of a relatively late period, since they are found throughout the entire Tarascan area—the more distorted ones coming from Nayarit, which is believed by some authorities to have developed its culture rather late. This would, of course, by no means preclude a very early appearance of such groups in the Chupicuaro area, where the culture is admittedly very old.

It would seem, at least on cursory examination, that the cult of the female was much more highly



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developed in the Tarascan region than in any other part of the Americas. Amsden noted a relatively brief appearance of female cultism in the southwestern United States, and we have already mentioned a possible existence in Georgia and Tennessee. In the Florescent cultures of Middle America (c. 300—900 A.D.), and especially among the Maya, however, there seems to be no evidence of such a cult; in fact, female representations in those cultures are so rare as to reverse the ordinary state of affairs and make the female, rather than the male, the "stepchild." As the Aztec and Maya worked predominantly in stone, this might lend weight to a supposition that stone was used for male figures and clay for female. In any event, for whatever reason, the Tarascans were apparently more disposed to female cultism than were most other cultures of Nuclear America.

In general the Tarascan artifacts associated with the cult of the female have many features in common with similar artifacts of widespread and divergent cultures in the Americas. Certain features, however, are unique, either because of the form itself or because of its treatment. The mammiform bowls are unusual because they are so much more highly developed than any similar vessels elsewhere. The "madonna" figures may possibly be no more than examples of genre, in which the Colima and Nayarit regions are especially rich—often in association with burials. This explanation seems unlikely, however, since the "madonnas" are also found in regions where genre is otherwise comparatively rare. The gingerbread figurines are perhaps most remarkable because of the enormous numbers in which they are found, collections of many thousands being not uncommon. They are also distinguished as objects of art, particularly the Chupicuaro examples, which are often masterpieces of miniature sculpture. The dancing groups seem to sum up the entire cult of the female and show the exact rites and practices of at least one phase of the religious ceremonies. In respect to artifacts, at least, the Tarascan empire would seem to have been a woman's world.



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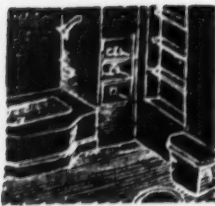
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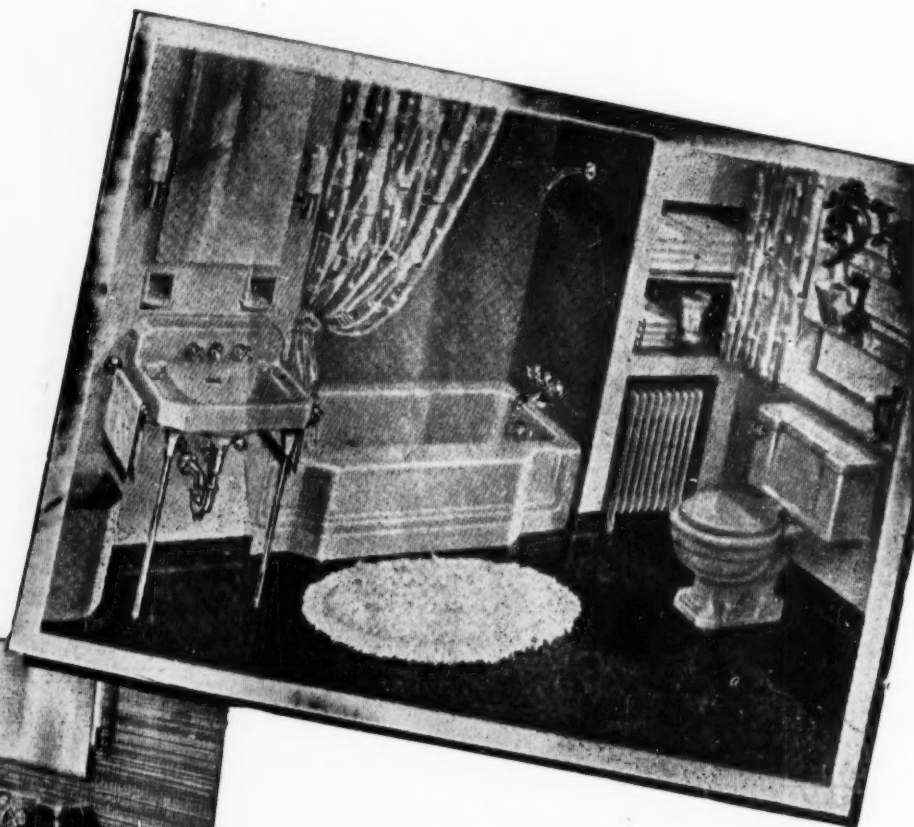
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Mexico's Industrial Scene

Continued from page 13

But it has wide and rich sources of raw materials on which to draw and a promising place in the industrial structure. It should assist the plastics industry, now also expanding for a larger share of Mexico's relatively large consumption of such materials, heretofore mostly imported.

Mexico's expanding paper industry also has an important future, if—and it is a big if—forest conservation can maintain the raw-materials supply. For example, Mexico produced 29,711 tons of pulp in 1946, importing 54,154; in 1947, it produced 56,219 tons, importing 40,410. The paper industry Chamber of Commerce in May 1952 announced that Italian capital and technicians will help build Mexico's first newsprint plant.

The Mexican food-processing industry holds the high rank expected of a newly industrializing economy, and it has enjoyed notable postwar expansion in fish and meat freezing and canning. The hoof-and-mouth disease quarantine, against movement of live Mexican cattle across the Rio Grande, by 1951 had inspired development of a substantial packing industry in the north.

Mexico also has made recent important strides in several machinery fields, particularly farm machinery, though it will be indefinitely dependent on older industrialized countries for the greater part of its machine tools, basic ingredient of mature industrialization. Imports also still supply the large demand for heavy construction machinery, a development postponed in Mexico by the availability of cheap labor.

Electrical equipment output is mounting, especially with the 1945 advent of Industria Eléctrica, financed by Westinghouse, Nacional Financiera, and other private investors. The postwar period also ushered in the small electric-motor industry.

Other important industries—aluminum products, synthetics, furniture, hardware, beverages, tobaccos, soap, toys, shoes, rubber goods, glassware, and so on—could extend industrial detailing far beyond the scope of this survey. Nacional Financiera undertook important new developments in coke, diesel motors, cellulose, and alkali plants in 1951. And substantial output increases were noted that year in paper, rubber, alcohol, food products, construction materials, and textiles, with perhaps the worst decrease in sugar production. Tax exemptions were guaranteed to 39 industrial corporations with combined capital of more than 50 million pesos.

It is apparent from personal observation of the manufacturing scene that Mexican industrialization still suffers from a hurtful degree of what Education Minister Manuel Vidal once termed 'technical illiteracy—the ABC's of productive skill.' Mexican industrialization is burdened by a serious shortage of skilled personnel ranging from manual factory labor through technicians, scientific researchers, and managers. Industrially, the nation's human resources—though competent in quantity and potential quality—are for historical reasons largely in the raw state.



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Rural, handcraft Mexico, with education only for the few—and that largely academic—did not really begin its native industrial transformation until the late 1930s. The problem, therefore, is not one of merely training skilled labor, technicians, and managers, but also one of pursuing and industrial revolution requiring the social readjustment of a great part of the population. Given proper educational preparation and conducive environment, the Mexican factory worker rates high in efficiency compared with other Latin Americans and may be favorably compared with Western Europeans. But so qualifying him will take time only painfully afforded by the industrialization program. Mexico's relatively extensive system of producers, distributors, and consumers co-operatives especially has suffered from deficiencies of skilled personnel. The problem is understood, fortunately, and under broad and vigorous attack.

Meanwhile, it may be noted that more manual training is being urged on the expanding primary and secondary school program. Educators are experimenting with a mobile workshop as a traveling technical school. Mexico City bookshops are full of translated technical works borrowed from older industrial cultures. A Polytechnic City, is under construction in Mexico City, and similar smaller institutions are developing in other urban centers. Private efforts—such as the model Monterrey Institute of Technology—are expanding industrial training. Chambers of commerce and labor unions team up to promote more vocational training, and foreign technical study is supported both by the government and private enterprise. United States manufacturers take Mexican branch-plant personnel to home factories for training, and in-plant training program in Mexican factories are under way.

Industrial research is furthered by Chicago's Armour Foundation in Mexico City and San Antonio's Southwest Research Institute in Monterrey. Mexican government agencies, industries, and higher educational institutions are becoming increasingly interested and active in industrial research and specialized la-

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laboratories, though the result is as yet far below the needs of Mexico's industrialization program. Instituto Politecnico Nacional conducts an industrial research program. And in 1946, the National Laboratories for Industrial Development was established, to have more than a dozen laboratories devoted to different branches of industry, as well as the government's bureau of standards. It is both governmentally and privately financed.

Mexico discourages the importation of foreign technicians, and a general rule is that 90 per cent of a given enterprise's employment must be native. Various professions also are restricted to native practitioners, with regulated exceptions. As an "El Universal" newspaper article put several years ago:

"If we want to liquidate conclusively the semi-colonial economic regime which oppresses us, the only and sure road left for us is the formation of a true army of Mexican technicians... the technology needed for progress must be conceived strictly by Mexicans, controlled by Mexicans, directed by Mexicans and destined for Mexicans."

That attitude is an understandable result of harsh experience under the Diaz dictatorship; but, blindly applied, it can cost Mexico unnecessarily, as it did in skilled European refugees who might have eased the acute shortage of foremen. In the long run, however, the attitude appears basically sound.

The demand for a complete cultural readjustment to an industrial revolution is following closely, perhaps too closely, on the heels of the 1910-20 political revolution and the 1920-40 social revolution. The basic instrument for success is, of course education: not merely vocational and technical education, but a broader educational program that can prepare the entire population for an industrialized culture. That is a tall order, but it is one to which Mexico is irrevocably committed.

On that point, the United Nations Economic Commission for Latin America was able to report favorably on Mexico in 1951:

"It is evident that manufacturing processes are being greatly improved owing in large measure to the increase in the numbers and efficiency of the technical staff. It is interesting in this connection to observe the steadily increasing part being played by Mexican technicians in the management of industry and in the adoption and improvement of production methods. The progress achieved is naturally resulting in the improvement of the quality of Mexican products."

It is an observable fact that the industrialization process is sharply stimulating the growth of Mexico's

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service and commercial structure. Against the pressing needs for more employment, per-capita income expansion, and a broader middleclass base for social, economic, and political stability, however, that vital phase of Mexican development is still far from adequate.

Official statistics on the commerce and services enterprises are lamentably deficient, but a safe generalization about the degree of their aggregate growth can be formed by noticing the rate of Mexican urbanization and by breaking down national employment figures comparatively.

First, service and commercial enterprises necessarily develop concurrently with urbanization, and in somewhat similar proportion. Between 1930 and 1940, the rate of urbanization is indicated by the fact that the population in communities of 10,000 and less increased by only 16.8 per cent, while the population in larger communities increased by 26.1 per cent. Unquestionably, the urbanization rate has accelerated since 1940, though exact measurement must await always belated publication of Mexican census analyses.

Personal observation by the author in 1951 in Mexico City, Monterrey, Guadalajara, Puebla, San Luis Potosi, Merida, Torreon, Veracruz, Aguascalientes, Toluca, Morelia, Tampico, Leon, Guanajuato, Queretaro, Saltillo, Durango, Zacatecas, Oaxaca, Tuxtla Gutierrez, and a number of lesser marketing centers revealed a remarkable degree of recent commercial and services development in urban Mexico, largely on the North-American pattern despite primitive incongruities. And a sizable portion of that growth involves branches, subsidiaries, and joint-control agencies of United States enterprises, both in wholesaling and retailing.

Most accurate index to the development of Mexico's commerce and services structure undoubtedly is afforded by comparative breakdowns of the gain-

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fully employed population. By the 1940 census, the services industries in Mexico, including transportation and commerce, accounted for 1,280,000 out of a gainfully employed population of 5,858,000. Agricultural work occupied 3,831,000. Manufacturing and construction absorbed 640,000 and mining 107,000 for an industrial total of 747,000.

The relative immaturity of Mexico's industrialization and commercialization by 1940 is revealed by comparing the percentage breakdown of its employment with that of the United States. The United States' gainfully employed population in 1940 was 17.6 per cent in agriculture, 31.5 per cent in industry, and 50.9 per cent in service enterprises, including transportation and commerce. Mexico's employed then were 65.4 per cent in agriculture, 12.7 per cent in industry, and only 21.9 per cent in service enterprises.

The United Nations Economic Commission of Latin America's 1951 report, however, indicates substantial progress commercially. The commission estimated that agricultural employment in 1950 had dropped to between 55 and 60 per cent, with non-agricultural employment increased to between 40 and 45 per cent. That means that 4.2 to 4.5 million persons in 1950 were engaged in agriculture, against 3.8 millions in 1940, and that 3.1 millions were in other activities, against 2.4 millions ten years before. Estimating manufacturing employment in 1950 at around a million, plus mining's fairly static 100,000 service and commerce, with the remainder, in 1950 must have numbered somewhere close to 2¼ million employees, a gain of about a million during the past decade. Under economic conditions prevailing in 1951 and 1952, that development safely could be assumed to be still on the upswing.

Nevertheless, remembering the 30 per cent increase from 1940 to 1950 in population to be served, Mexico still must accelerate its development of commercial and service enterprises for a balanced economy. Furthermore, modernization of the distribution system is an additional task over mere expansion. Donkey packs still figure in transport statistics, and village open-air markets, peddlers, and tiny stalls in the commercial structure. Finally, the figures also are deceptive in that Mexico City and a half a dozen much smaller urban centers monopolize distribution facilities and services.

Development of the national internal market, transportation, and communication must be further stimulated, or those vital elements will continue to retard the entire industrialization program.

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Emerald City

Continued from page 29

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If you do make that trip to Mitla, the "City of the Dead" offers the sight of tombs and altars, columns and temples built in a prehistoric time, with elaborately sculptured walls. But don't expect to see the Zapotec Indians worshiping in these ruins. You'll find them at the local colonial church, leaving their pagan heritage of Indian architecture to the searching eyes of archeologists.

On the highway to Mitla you will undoubtedly pause to pay homage to the Tule Tree, which naturalists say is the oldest living thing still on earth. It is 160 feet in circumference, and had celebrated 3,000 or more birthdays when Christ was born.

Of Oaxaca's many green houses, one of the most interesting was built by the Portuguese philanthropist, Captain Manuel Fernandez Fiallo de Boralla. He was generous with his riches to everyone but himself; for 32 years he slept on a rawhide!

Oaxaca's known history starts in 1486, when the local residents tried to keep the Zapotecs out, with no success. Centuries later, after the Spaniards took over, the city was given to Cortez by the king of Spain, together with the surrounding country.

But of Oaxaca's origins before the 15th century nothing is known. It is a mystery still, even to the surrounding hills.

Local attractions, which you may just be lucky enough to see, include the Dance of the feathers outside Soledad, Church, the Fiesta of the Radishes, and the parade of the choir boys, singing hymns and bearing candles in tulip-shaped sticks.

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Un Poco de Todo

Continued from page 33

up "rockoons," combinations of balloons and rockets, to establish new records for altitude and to gather information about cosmic rays.

The "rockoon," or balloon-assisted take-off technique, was developed by Dr. James Van Allen, head of the physics department at the university. This past summer an altitude of 64.4 miles was reached, about eight miles more than in 1952. To achieve the new height, rockets were launched from balloons at an altitude of 12.7 miles.

This year Melvin Gottlieb, Assistant Professor of Physics, led the group from Iowa in place of Van Allen, who is working on a special research project at Princeton. With Gottlieb were research assistants Leslie Meredith and Raymond Ellis.

The upper-space, exploration flights begun about 100 miles east of Boston and continued up the coasts of Nova Scotia and Labrador as far north as 800 miles above the Arctic Circle in the ice-filled waters west of Greenland. The scientists could launch balloons only when the winds slowed down to speeds under twelve miles per hour. Hence the expedition spent nine-tenths of its time waiting for favorable weather.

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"No." He explains that high-energy particles can approach the earth at any altitude, but that the low-energy atomic nuclei—if present—come in only near the geomagnetic pole. The earth's magnetic field at other latitudes deflects much of the primary radiation.

The Story Mexican Music

Continued from page 24

the unforgettable Cantor del Sol, Gutty Cardenas, whose "Caminante del Mayab" is considered by many to be the most perfect expression of Mexican song.

These composers have produced a type of song with a stamp of true Mexican flavor in both the words and music of their works, which are always exquisite, sentimental and close to tears.

And no record of Mexican music would be complete without a mention of the Mañanitas, those typically Mexican songs which welcome Saints' and birthdays, and whose origins are lost in the musical history of the country.

Mexican music today is probably the most important influence on the continent. Its older music is becoming widely known and appreciated and its modern music is vibrant and alive with witty and original tunes, composed by such outstanding personalities as Consuelito Velazquez, whose "Besame Mucho" is sweeping Paris right now; Augustin Lara, whose innumerable hits made famous by the voice of Pedro Vargas are universal favorites; Gabriel Ruiz, whose "Amor," recorded by Bing Crosby, is a perennial success and Gonzalo Curiel whose songs are nearly the entire repertoire of rumba bands in the United States.

American record producing companies have, in the last years, paid especial attention to popular music, as well as to that already glorified by tradition. They have consumed a vast number of record-matrices made in Mexico, converting them into millions of records distributed all over the world. The results of this can be appreciated in a place as far removed from Mexico as Buenos Aires, where socialites have somewhat forsaken the consecrated tango for the irresistible bolero.

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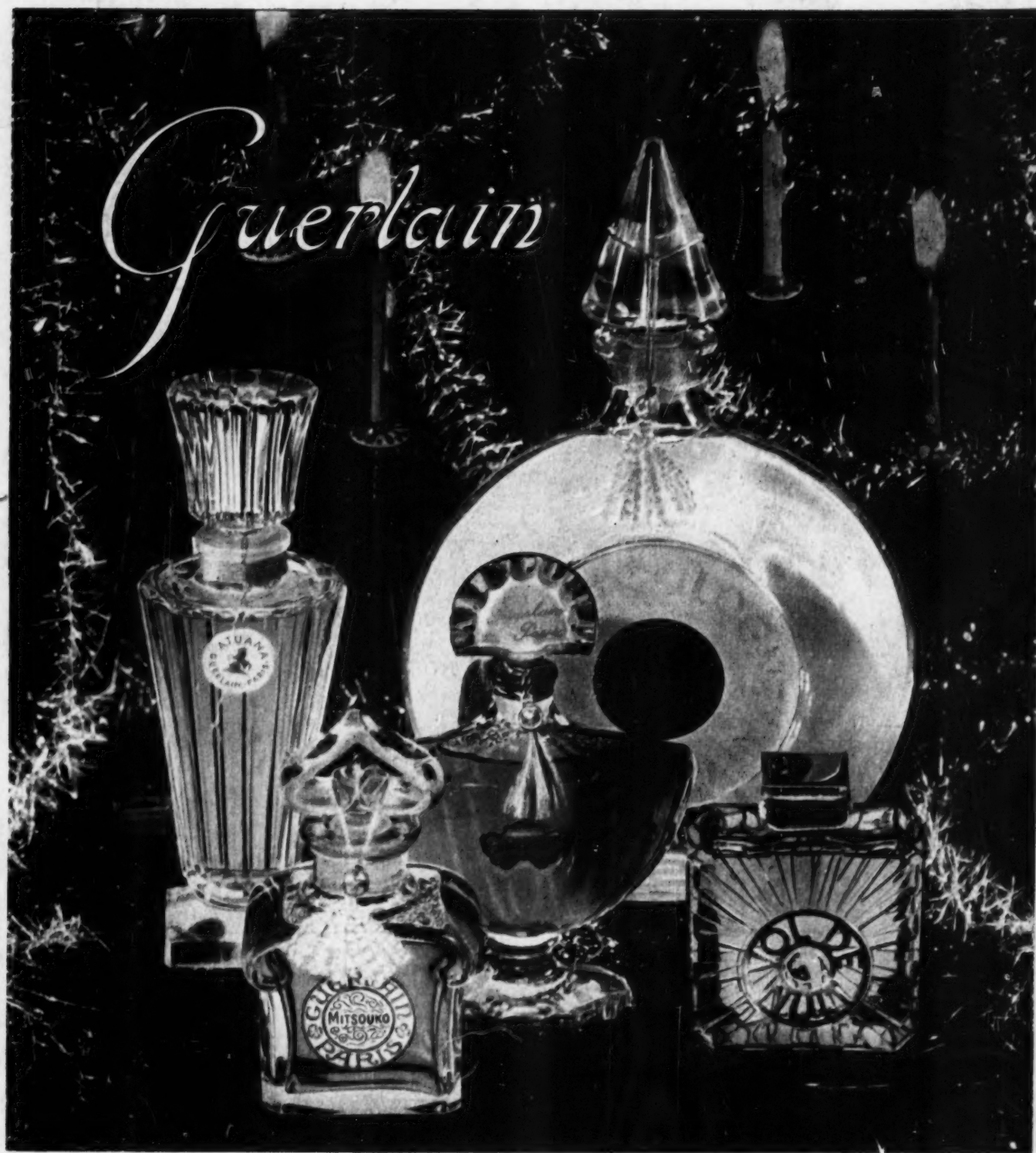
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